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IN THE SOLDIER'S SERVICE

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IN THE SOLDIER'S SERVICE

WAR EXPERIENCES OF

MARY DEXTER

ENGLAND · BELGIUM · FRANCE

1914-1918

EDITED BY HER MOTHER

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge
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I. ENGLAND

IN THE SOLDIER'S SERVICE

WAR EXPERIENCES OF MARY DEXTER
1914–1918

Lindfield, Sussex, England
September 10, 1914

DEAREST MOTHER: —

I am nearly mad with joy! I have just today had a letter from the American War Hospital in Devonshire offering me a post — and I am off early next week, as soon as I can get my wash-dresses and aprons. They want me to take charge of a serving-kitchen connected with a large medical ward, and I am to help in the ward between meals if I like — I need n't if I don't, but I shall, needless to say! And I may get promotion. No pay — I offered my services. There are quantities applying and the Matron says she is selecting me on the recommendation of the Secretary in London, to whom the Carters introduced me. Is n't it luck! I don't know for how long — until the end of the war if I choose — but I can leave when I like.

American Women's War Hospital
Oldway House, Paignton
South Devon, England
September 17, 1914

It is awfully nice here and I love it. No wounded yet — it is tiresome waiting — we are hoping any day now to hear that they are coming. The War Office has been inquiring how soon we can take patients. You see the hospital is Oldway House — the Singer Sewing Machine people's private house built over — and is just ready. It is a huge place — with columns and terraces — and enormous airy rooms which make capital wards. There are two hundred beds.

My job is in the medical ward, adjoining the big house, with sixty-seven beds — it was the servants' banqueting hall. My special domain is a darling little kitchen attached to it, where the food is brought and kept hot for serving in the ward. The patients who are able will come in to eat there at a long table. I am in charge of the food and special diets, and between meals I am to help in the ward. The nurses are nice, and are teaching me a lot. I live at their quarters, Fernham, a very comfortable house, five minutes' walk from the big house, in the grounds. I am in luck, having a room up in a tower — all to myself — with a quaint little staircase coming up into it, and nine narrow windows. It is nicer, for one has to go there anyhow for dinner at 12.30

AMERICAN WOMEN'S WAR RELIEF HOSPITAL, OLDWAY, PAIGNTON

and supper at 7.30, and it is good to go directly to bed, without having to pile out in the dark and wet back to the big house and up a hundred staircases to bed. We get up at 6.45 and breakfast at 7.15 — it does not take long to dress into uniform. I enclose sample of my dress — and I wear apron, cap, and white sleeves to the elbow. I look quite sedate and capable!!

September 22, 1914

Am as happy as a cricket. Luckily I have had this week to get accustomed to the life, for it is quite a change from my usual one — and when our patients come it will be very hard work. The hospital is only just ready — operating-room, bathrooms, etc. The War Office has wired that the Military Commandant will arrive very soon — which means the wounded very soon after him. There are quantities of people coming daily to see the hospital, who are a dreadful trial — and no money can be taken from them unless they are Americans — the Duchess of Marlborough and the rest of the Committee are firmly decided it shall be only U.S.A. money to run the hospital. We are connected with the British Red Cross, however, not the American.

I love my kitchen — it is a darling — and in such perfect order. I am in charge of it, absolutely — the Head Sister of the ward consults me as to what I want and how

I want it. I felt very small and ignorant at first, but I did n't let on — bluff is a necessary asset! And now I feel quite au fait with it all. I shall make tea for sixty-seven patients — and see to everything. The orderlies do the heavy cleaning and wash up — and I have to see that they do it.

Being in uniform, cap and all, I look like a Sister, although my dress is a lighter blue, and the regular trained Sisters are in very dark blue. I think the orderlies think I *am* one.

I hear that all the world is mad to be here, if only to scrub floors. One lady wrote and offered to pay a hundred and fifty pounds a year to be allowed to come and cook or scrub! The Matron told me that she has had countless letters.

October 1, 1914

Things are humming — a hundred and thirty wounded arrived Sunday night by ambulance train from Southampton, and we expect more tomorrow. We got fifty-four in our ward — only a few medical cases, rheumatism, head pains, and giddiness from exposure and shock, and a case of suspected typhoid which turns out now not to be. The rest are all surgical — some quite bad.

They were utterly dazed and exhausted that night when

they arrived — too tired to ask where they were — only one or two asked later on after food. They arrived at 8 P.M. and how we worked, getting the helpless ones to bed, and packing all their filthy clothing in big sacks, to go and be baked. A duplicate list had to be made of everything they possessed, and we cannot think of those sacks now without aching all over. And imagine me making cocoa for fifty-four patients, and serving beef tea and bread and butter!

Their one idea was to wash — some had lain ten days in the trenches, and many had not washed for six or seven weeks — and when I was not doing more important things, I was tearing about carrying bowls of hot water for them to do the best they could with. You never saw anything like the color when they had done — chocolate is pale to what it was.

We got to bed about a quarter before one and were up again at 6.30 the next morning. Such a day of confusion as, of course, the first day was bound to be. The doctors never finished their rounds until 5 P.M. Now we are in running order.

I was perfectly aghast when I found that I not only have complete charge of the stores and the amounts of things — how many ounces of cocoa and pounds of sugar and butter per week to be used per man — but that I am also responsible for the diets. In the serving I have to see

that the men on fish diet get their fish — those on milk diet, their milk — those on "extras," their eggs, etc. Also that those with slings get their food cut up before it leaves the kitchen — that "No. 45" has always minced meat and a feeding-cup, as part of his chin is shot away. So far I have been too engrossed and busy to do any surgical work, but I shall get it later.

I have several such nice soldier boys to help me — one especially nice Irish lad is my right-hand man. He has "head," in which the orderlies are utterly lacking, and is a great comfort. The patients do all the washing-up and keep the kitchen as clean as a pin — I mean several who are able — and they like it. The Irish boy has a scalp wound from a bit of shell — so his head is bandaged — and there are many nasty wounds in our ward — bayonet, shrapnel, and bullet wounds. I helped dress an arm last night that had a bullet right through and out the other side. They are very pleased when the bullets are taken out and given to them — they put them in their lockers to show to every one. One man lost his forefinger — cut off by a German — and it was neglected and is very bad. They are cheerful now — full of chat and jokes.

Eighteen come to eat at the long kitchen table. I overhear such interesting war talk, but am too busy serving to be able to take in much. Dinner is no joke — I dread

the hour from twelve to one! The meat, already carved, and the vegetables in hot tins, are brought over from the main kitchen for me to serve — it is not easy, for one must come out even! And the "specials" are such a care.

The Duchess of Marlborough and Lady Randolph Churchill came down two days ago to see us and inspect everything. We suspected there was something up their sleeve, and guess what it was! You know the American Red Cross ship — the nurses and doctors have arrived in London clamoring for work, and the result is that this ward of ours, which is a detached hall, is to be given over to them to be run quite separately. We of the British Red Cross are to go on in the main house, and I am to do surgical work. My Head Sister asked for me.

Am writing in my kitchen now, with two orderlies circling about — not conducive to consecutive thought.

October 2, 1914

Am dog-tired tonight — my feet. You see distances are enormous here — back and forth from ward to Fernham, our quarters, for meals. The main house is so huge that to go anywhere is a long trip. I think twice before I go from one end of our ward to the other when I am tired.

The American Red Cross nurses are here — in a hotel until their Home is ready. They all had tea with us today.

Two came on in our ward to relieve us, and soon I shall perhaps get an afternoon off — oh! heavenly bliss — how I would enjoy it!

Lots of our patients were in Mons, and one was among the wounded in Rheims Cathedral when the shelling by the Germans began. They say that the Germans driving women and children in front and firing on the Red Cross and killing women and children is all true — they have seen it.

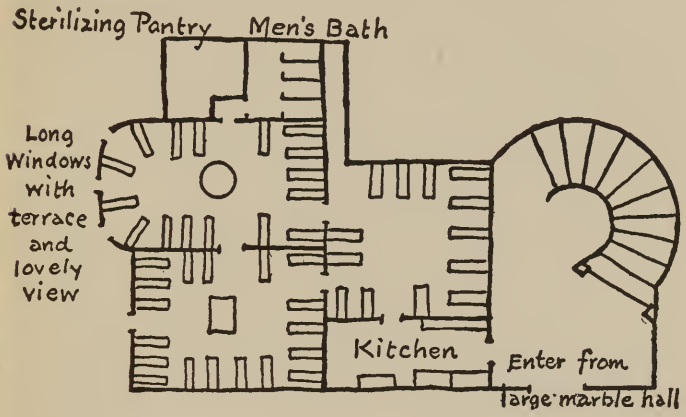
October 5, 1914

Just another short line to tell you that today was my first as a real "pro." (probationer)! When we came down to breakfast, 7.15 A.M., the lists were posted and I, "Nurse Dexter," was listed to be under the Second Matron in her three wards — Leeds, Churchill, and Burns. She and her assistant are giving me the real thing — and now I am in the thick of it! I am glad of my week of kitchen — and am far more useful with what I learned there. I shall get off every day now from dinner until tea — 2 to 4 — or from tea till supper — 5 to 7.30 — a far more satisfactory life than my kitchen where I had all the meals every day and just spare moments between.

I love the atmosphere of my new job — instead of one very long, narrow room, it is three rooms and is very cheerful.

Churchill is the middle ward. Burns and Churchill open on the front terrace, with a view of the gardens, and Leeds is behind.

The men are jolly and sing and whistle a lot, and there is a gramophone. Every morning we make beds to the



tune of "Tipperary." I help with the dressings and hold the fractures while they are dressed. I shall do them later — I bandaged one today — but I am in no hurry, for we had no fractures at the Boston Dispensary. Such terrible wounds, some of them! One Guardsman, six feet three tall, has a fractured forearm — a piece of shell went clean through. He is in the Coldstreams and he gets unmercifully chaffed by the others. They say the Guards are only "figgerheads," their chests padded, and that they went to the front in first-class carriages! He told me that Queen

Mary cried when she saw them reviewed the day they left. As a rule, none of the Guards ever leave London — as you know, they must all be over six feet tall. Another terribly bad case is a nice, fair-haired boy whose arm is all torn away by a shell. He never stops bantering, and keeps the ward in a roar of laughter while his arm is being dressed, although his lips and the cords in his neck are twitching incessantly with pain. You never saw such pluck! The Guardsman can walk about with his arm in a sling, but this boy can't move. He is all day with his arm on pillows, and never utters a complaint.

You don't half appreciate my luck in getting in here. There were more than one hundred applicants. My friends write that "being in a Red Cross military hospital is next best to going to the front," and now I am a "pro." doing just what I have always dreamed of.

Here in Fernham, as in all nurses' quarters, we make our own beds. There are seventeen of us and only a cook, parlor maid, and housemaid. I have just made such a nice arrangement. The twelve-year old sister of the housemaid, who lives near, is to come in every morning at 6.30, to bring hot water and shut my windows — also make my bed and mend, and come again at night to put the hot bottle in my bed. She is delighted to do it at a shilling a week! It will make a great difference, for this room is colder than any one's else, being in the tower.

It is annoying for the American Red Cross nurses who have come here — the War Office sent them, yesterday, seventy patients who are almost well — convalescents from another hospital, not straight from the front like ours. But I hope they will get what they want very soon.

October 15, 1914

By now you will know that I am doing surgical work in the wards, but one need not think less of my job that was! The American Red Cross nurses told me that I was what is called in the U.S.A. a "dietitian."

We had a great old time yesterday, for word had come that one hundred and forty Belgians were arriving at 4 A.M. We were up at all hours, and got to the Hospital in pitch-black early dawn, only to find that they were not coming until 3 P.M. So we went back and on to our beds until time to get up. When they finally did come in the afternoon, they were English! And now the beds are full up — two hundred of them — some awfully bad cases, straight from the front — the wounds are terrible.

One gets quite interested in the men themselves — it is like living in a book of Kipling's. In many ways they are *children* — this class of men. I enclose you a poem by one of them — he copied it for me with great pride in red ink! Note the spelling: —

TEN GERMAN ARMY CORPS

Ten German army corps started from the Rhine,
One got as far as Liege, then their were Nine.

Nine German army corps, feeling most elate,
Met Tommy A. at Mons, then their were Eight.

Eight German army corps, missioners from Heaven (!),
Lost some guns at Compiegne, then their were Seven.

Seven German army corps, playing nasty tricks,
Got sent away from Paris, then their were Six.

Six German army corps, feeling half alive,
Stopped to rest beside the Marne, then their were Five.

Five German army corps, feeling rather sore,
Were held up on the Aisne, then their were Four.

Four German army corps, rattled as could be,
One met some Indians, then their were Three.

Three German army corps, not knowing what to do,
Turned tail for Berlin, then their were Two.

Two German army corps, fairly on the run,
Went home through Belgium, then their was One.

One German army corps, knowing they were done,
Stopped to Curse the Kaiser, then their was None.

Rest in Peace.

The one who lost his forefinger — cut off by Germans — is nearly well. We saved his arm. He is leaving us in a few days. They were getting a month at home before returning to the front, but it has been reduced to a fortnight. I hear London is *black* at night and may be bombed any day — it is all very serious.

October 23, 1914

I am pleased with your idea of typewriting my letters — they will be valuable to me later on — souvenirs of one of the most interesting times of my life. I am writing in the ward while on duty — just a hasty line. It is 2 o'clock, and the men are all napping on their beds. I have finished rolling untold quantities of bandages on the little machine — and have nothing to do for the moment. It is the slack period of the day — at this hour I am generally off, and come on duty again from 4 to 8. I prefer it, as there is more work then.

Last week we got a hundred and forty by ambulance train — very bad cases. But they were not in the same filthy, exhausted condition as our first lot of patients — that first week could never be repeated — it was the experience of a lifetime.

A bad arm had to be operated on — they did it in the ward instead of taking him to the operating-room — screened in, of course. I am fond of the boy, and was glad

the operation took place while I was on duty. He is the boy who lay three days in the trenches with a dead man beside him before he was found, and flies got at his wound. If I could stand that operation, I could stand anything. I was holding it and it was all I could bear — the stench was beyond words. He makes us laugh while it is being dressed, although it is agonizing pain — he calls it the "butcher's shop which has n't been opened for a week"; but, thank goodness, it is better the last two days. I do the dressings for a very nice boy who had to have one eye taken out — I don't awfully care about doing eyes — so delicate. They were afraid he would lose the other, but he is getting on well.

M—— has twice sent a nice lot of nut milk chocolate to the men, which they love. I wrote her she could n't have sent anything they like better — they are very fed up with cigarettes and jam and Devonshire cream.

CABLEGRAM

November 3, 1914

Terribly busy — hundred bad stretcher cases arrived — missed post. DEXTER

November 6, 1914

All goes well. I can't manage to write letters much, for since our new lot of patients came, the work has been

ARRIVAL OF WOUNDED AT PAIGNTON STATION

very heavy, and I sleep when off duty — it is the only way to keep going. Terribly bad cases they were — all stretcher cases. We were filled right up in our three wards. Mornings, I work especially under Sister Vera in Churchill, and she is teaching me a lot. She is one of the nurses from Australia, with splendid training — is very strict and gives me the real thing and a liberal supply of pepper which wakens one up! She says I have improved and gives me a lot to do which probationers are not supposed to do at all. It is all glorious experience. We have a case of scarlet fever — discovered this A.M. — not actually in Churchill, but in Leeds adjoining — he is, of course, to be isolated, but they are very put to it to know where to move him. There is already a case of tetanus isolated, and the hospital is so full there is no room.

I have such lots to tell you, I don't know where to begin. I am very well — a very heavy cold went through and nearly every one of us got it, but not I. The Secretary came down from London for a week-end, not long ago, and I hunted her up and fell on her neck and told her how grateful I was to her for getting me here. She was awfully nice and said I was the only person here who looked really well. It is true that every one does look fagged — this is really harder than ordinary hospital work in many ways, and most of these Sisters have been doing private cases, which is a less muscular life.

Later

The scarlet fever case has been taken to the fever hospital in Torquay, and everything was disinfected this afternoon.

The British Tommies are the dearest things in the world, such refinement and delicacy of feeling — and sense of humor — and kindness among themselves. It is a privilege not only to nurse them, but to know them. They are more than entertaining. They have a lingo of their own, all sorts of expressions, that mean nothing until you learn them.

I just wish you could see me from 9.30 to 11.30 A.M. — that is our time for doing the dressings. When I come on at 7.45, I have to put my little kitchenette in order, see to stores, etc., and one of the men scrubs the sink and polishes the taps — they do it all for me most beautifully. Then after our 9 o'clock tea, we start dressings, and no matter how much there is to do, we strain every nerve to get through before the men's dinner hour, 11.30. I go ahead of the doctor and Sister Vera, "take down" the dressings — have everything ready when they arrive at each case — bandage up each case when they leave — boil all the instruments after each case — and prepare the fomentations. You can imagine one has to be all there to have the trolley always ready and no delays. Sometimes I do the dressings, too, and have certain ones of my own, including the

boy shot through the forehead who has lost an eye. Yesterday afternoon Sister Vera told me to do all her dressings, and she arranged flowers and otherwise enjoyed herself.

November 7, 1914

Today has been a glorious day, for I was sent up to the operating-room with one of our cases — Donnaghy, a nice Irishman — a hip case very interesting to us all. A nurse is always supposed to go with her case, and today Sister Vera arranged for me to go instead of her. Such an interesting operation, too, for he had a jagged piece of shrapnel in the thigh — very deep, causing much pain, and obliging him to lie always on his face. They operated once, some weeks ago, but could not find it, so he has already two wounds — where it entered, which is now healed, and where they operated before. Very interesting it was today — for after searching for an hour, they finally had to take him to the X-ray room and find it in that way — a last resort. They entered from the front, and for one hour I stood beside the doctors, holding up the X-ray plate, so that they could see it as they worked. I was very tired when I went up — and finding what I had to do, I had an awful moment when I felt I could n't bear to see him cut — but made myself look; and after that I did not mind, or feel the constraint of holding the edges of the

plate for so long. Sister Vera told me afterward that she, after ten years of nursing, sometimes shuts her eyes for the first cut.

I shall have been here two months on Wednesday — it has passed like two weeks. We have the British flag, the American flag, and the Red Cross flag flying over us — very nice they look.

We are in quarantine on account of the scarlet fever case — not the Hospital, but our three wards. That means only that the men are not allowed to visit other wards and no visitors allowed in to us.

S—— is drilling hard, still in England — he got a commission in the Scots Guards. K—— is going, too. N—— is already at the front. Captain H—— is killed, and so it goes — terrible news on every side — one simply would go mad, if one were not working — too tired to think.

I forgot to tell you of one of the most interesting cases in our ward — a Gordon Highlander, shot in the thigh — and every time we dress it, scraps of his kilt come out. He is for operation, as the bullet is still in, and was to have gone up yesterday, but was postponed, as Donnaghy took too long. I do his dressings often. The Second Matron often stays off in the afternoon nowadays and leaves Sister Vera in charge of the three wards, with only me. I love the little details of nursing — straightening their beds, and generally making them comfortable. The doctors and

nurses call me "Sister" and sometimes I forget I am not one — until, at other times, I feel hopelessly ignorant.

I am writing in our little pantry, waiting for the night nurses to come on.

November 16, 1914

First of all, to tell you that I am on night duty since Friday. Am writing by the drawing-room fire, waiting for "breakfast" at 7.15 P.M.! The hours are from 8 to 8 — there are only two night nurses for the thirty men of our wards. There is a lovely big coal fire going all night in Burns Ward, which is named for Mary Burns, the niece, by marriage, of Mr. J. P. Morgan. We sit before the fire — very cozy — with a small electric lamp, and two red screens around us to keep the light from the men. There really is not much sitting, for rounds are made every half-hour. Sister Jeffries and I have lunch at midnight, separately, of course, for we cannot both leave the wards at once. During the wee small hours, there is very little to do, for even our five worst cases sleep fairly well. We have cocoa and bread and jam at 4 A.M. and half an hour later the morning rush begins. You should see Sister Jeffries and me dashing about with bowls and methylated spirit and powder — we have to begin at that unearthly hour or else we should not be through in time for their breakfast at 6 A.M. Any one who could see the wards at 4.30 or 5 A.M., with the electric lights

suddenly on, the men sitting up in bed, washing themselves — and those who have the wherewithal, shaving themselves — would n't think there was much *poetry* in "nursing the wounded"!! As for their breakfasts, I have to heat porridge, make cocoa for about ten, tea for twenty, and boil eggs for several — all on one gas ring. By 8 o'clock, I am jolly glad to get off, I can tell you. At 8.30 A.M., we have a real dinner (!) — meat, vegetables, pudding, etc.— amusing to eat meat at that hour!

Another Unit of the American Red Cross arrived. Two or three of the doctors are very good and much admired by the English. Those of the first Unit were using dry dressings entirely — with vaseline. At the Boston Dispensary, too, dry were used for fairly clean wounds — but with boric salve — for vaseline is a nasty germ collector. The British Red Cross are using, for all dirty wounds, the fomentations, which are pink boracic lint, wrung out in boiling water, laid on as hot as the patient can stand it. They are changed two or three times in the twenty-four hours, and are considered to clean up the wounds quicker than anything else. The running wounds need wet dressings and to be changed at least twice a day. I have seen — with No. 10's arm, and Brown's leg, and many others — that every time the doctor has tried a change to dry dressings they have got worse, and he has had to return to fomentations. The first American Unit used dry dress-

ings on all wounds and only did them once a day, but as soon as the new doctors of the second Unit arrived, two days ago, from Hasler, the great Naval Hospital, they put the whole of the American ward on fomentations! They have seen the good of it at Hasler. The English nurses were awfully decent, and have n't once said, "I told you so!" I almost felt that I ought to stick up for Uncle Sam's methods!

We have a Cameron Highlander and a Gordon Highlander in adjoining beds — both their wounds were full of colored bits of their kilts which kept coming out for days. The latter had his operation, and I was again sent up — the bullet could not be found and he had to be taken to the X-ray room. It was fascinating to see the doctors' hands X-rayed as they worked, looking like animated skeletons. He went absolutely blue under the ether — I have heard of it happening, but never saw it before. The etherizer had to clamp his jaw open and tongue out, and such blueness I never saw. The doctors were deep in his thigh after the bullet, and I was at his feet, rotating the leg for them — I was so frightened I nearly stopped rotating, but he got better soon.

If Sister Vera goes to the front, as she is keen to do, I might go with her. She has been thinking of it very seriously, but found that the idea of her going upset her three bad cases — Brown, No. 10, and Donnaghy — so much,

that she said tonight she would at least wait until they are better. Those three are in adjoining beds and great friends, though anything more different you never knew. No. 10, whose name is Jakeway — called "Ginger" by the other men — is the red-haired boy with the terribly bad arm. It was operated on twice in France and twice since he came here — the first time I wrote you of — and it had to be done again, more pieces of dead bone taken out. Poor lad, he will be here for Christmas without doubt. He is full of fun and temperament — although when his parents came to see him, I wondered whence he got the temperament! He is the origin of half the fun in the ward. His poor arm is very bad — there is a tube and it has to be syringed through — a back-breaking process.

In the next bed is Brown, of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, a handsome lad about twenty-one — and he almost looks a gentleman — it gives one a shock when he speaks in unintelligible Cockney. He was shot through the leg and has had a very bad time — the leg suppurated, and was operated on again last week. The bone was quite dead, and he will be very lucky if he ever gets the use of it. He has a keen sense of humor — very observing and interested in everything.

Next to Brown is our nice, iron-gray-haired Irishman — Donnaghy — about forty, of whose operation I wrote you. He is very quiet and a great power in the ward, and we are

all fond of him. He suffers a lot, but never complains, and always has a smile in response to any word.

They love discussions, and prepare them to spring on Sister Vera and me. We have had the most heated arguments at times — the other day it was on what is the realest bravery — they got to reminiscing of their experiences and feelings at the front in a most interesting way. Brown is trying to place me. When Sister Vera and I were talking about going to the front, he was terribly interested whether I had ever put up with roughing it — said he could not see me traveling three days in a cattle truck full of wounded. Nevertheless, I said I *had* roughed it, and, quick as a flash, he said, "How, in a first-class carriage?" He ended up by informing me he knew I was a "pukka" lady! "Pukka," as I wrote you, means "real" — the men have picked it up in India.

I have never told that I am not paid, but they guess it, and when Sister Vera ran me off my feet — and took my head off, too — they used to remonstrate with her, to her great amusement. Most of the nurses don't bother to train probationers, and I am grateful to Sister Vera.

In the last lot of patients is a big Grenadier Guardsman, shot across the chest — the bullet went through, just escaping the breast-bone and ribs. He is doing well now. He was married only a week before he went to the front. Queen Mary recognized him when she came, and told him

she remembered him well, on guard outside Buckingham Palace. Also the big Coldstream Guardsman about whom I wrote you long ago — she remembered him, too. He is nearly well, going out soon. I shall love to look for them on guard by and by, when the war is over! Queen Mary talked to all the patients. The last time I saw her was in the Throne Room in Buckingham Palace — not many months ago, but such a difference!

I did not, after all, let my cottage, for twelve hundred Territorials are quartered for a time in Lindfield, and two officers have been billeted there.

November 22, 1914

Matron offered to give me two nights off before the rush of new patients who are expected soon, but I said I would prefer waiting until this next rush is over — and then have enough time to go home for two or three nights. She said yes, and then threw in last night as an extra.

It is bitterly cold these days, and my tower room is next to being outdoors. I wear my old green jersey coat on duty during the night, gliding noiselessly about in the peacock-velvet shoes you gave me, a little searchlight in my hand. When I sit down, a heavy coat and my civet-cat fur rug are none too warm — that's what the Cornish and Devon "Riviera" gives us!

It may amuse you to know that the fashion in Hinds'

SOME OF THE PATIENTS

The Coldstream Guardsman is standing, with his left arm in a sling

Honey and Almond Cream rages furiously here among the nurses! It has spread until nearly all are using it, and they thank me at intervals. One of the probationers told me today it has cured her lame feet entirely in two days. The other night I went down to the dispensary, which is in the basement, and lo, there was a bottle of Hinds' Honey which the dispenser had been analyzing to see why it is so good!

The T——'s are hard hit by the war, as is every one. They are closing three quarters of Old Place, and sending away the cook — the kitchen-maid is to cook with the scullery-maid to help. Their menservants are all gone — chauffeur and gardeners as well.

November 26, 1914

Eighty more patients came in on Sunday. Among this lot are one or two cases of bronchitis and pneumonia — from exposure. One of the bronchitis men told me this morning that he has several times been in the trenches for seven or eight days, in water up to his waist — with no chance to get dry.

We are getting quite used to the rushes now, but we always dread the first few days. They are in terrible condition, most of them, mentally as well as physically — they lie for several days without a word or a smile. They tell us afterwards that it seems like a dream at first just

to lie in bed and eat and sleep. There is a special, what we call, "from the front" expression on their faces when they arrive, which fades. They never speak of the horrors they have seen until long after — one would not ask at first.

Last night I saw an interesting case — one of the worst which came on Sunday. He is in Paget Ward, and one of the American nurses took me in to see him and to help her. He has lost his leg at the knee, and gangrene has set in. When they operated — at the front — they did not leave enough flap of skin to cover the stump. His temperature was 104 last night and he is to be operated on today, the leg taken off at the hip. All last night the Sister had to tightly bandage his leg for fifteen minutes out of every hour, to prevent gangrene spreading. He may get all right, but he may die of septic poisoning.

I am enclosing post-card views — first of Hadfield Ward, and I have marked "Jones of the Lancers," one of our worst cases — enteric, a gangrene back, and wounds in the shoulder and leg. He was rescued by one of our men in Burns Ward, and no one thought he could live. Sister P——, who pulled him through, is at the left, with gray hair. The group taken in the operating-room shows Hannaford, who rescued Jones of the Lancers, and has been recommended for a medal.

Saturday morning, November 28, 1914

We had a Thanksgiving cake on Thursday, for the American Red Cross nurses and me!

It is now 3.30 A.M. At 4, I must go to heat a cup of milk for the bronchitis man. At 4.30, I shall get tea for the other nurse and myself, and then we turn on the lights and start the morning rush.

Brown with the bad leg has been very ill tonight — in much pain, and has had to have morphia. He was operated on again two days ago, and they took out a piece of dead bone the size of a forefinger. It will have to be plated later — poor Brown!

A man in Paget was telling the Sister that he had been once eleven days without sleep, marching all day and fighting all night. He said he had to kick men who were about him, to keep them awake to fight. He heard men in the trenches praying aloud that they might be shot — in order to be taken to a hospital to get rest. No wonder our men lie like logs when they first come in! It is terrible to think of.

Munsey Ward, December 6, 1914

I wrote you about having been at home on three days' leave — it was a lovely rest — breakfast in bed, and I did simply nothing, except lunch and dine out quietly once or twice.

I am no longer in Churchill — Matron has put Sister Vera on night duty, in charge of Munsey Ward — the sixty-seven-bed annex where I used to be. She asked for me to go, too, so here we are — our fourth night — and a delightful change. Churchill Ward was very upset at losing her and asked Matron to give her back. The men say they are "pukka" miserable without us.

I am very glad to be with Sister Vera again — it is inspiring to work under her. She and Sister Scott, and a new probationer, Colin B——, and I are the four on night duty here, and very nice it is. Much harder work, as the Americans for some reason have no probationers, and although the Singer boys do a certain amount by day, nine tenths of the work of day probationers is left for us. So we have not much time to sit, although just now the ward is light. Munsey is a delightful ward to be in — it looks ghostly at night, and certainly very warlike, with phantom flags hanging, and one dim light high up. There are three big anthracite stoves down the middle, with arm-chairs beside them — sometimes we sit there and sometimes in our little sitting-room. I have acquired the "night nurse's cat-nap," and can sleep sitting up and hear every sound.

The other probationer, Colin B——, is a very good little sort. She thought that because I am senior pro. I would make her do all the dirty work, and was touchingly de-

lighted to find that I am not that kind! We have very jolly midnight suppers, which we cook ourselves — and the night watchman washes up. It is her and my work to cook, but we are neither of us very brilliant at it, so Sister Vera has been coming to the kitchen to show us. It seemed very odd at first to be back in the same kitchen where I was in charge during that first week — but now in such a different way, no responsibility, and lots of fun. I have learned to make very good coffee.

Probationers on night duty have a far less picturesque time than on day duty. Sister Vera laughs heartily when she sees me doing some unpleasant job, and asks me how I like "nursing the wounded." It is all splendid experience — every pro. in every hospital has to learn. From the time the lights go on until 8, washings and breakfasts and tidying — the usual rush to get through — I just set my teeth — it is anything but gay, feeling a vacuum that no amount of eating can prevent. It is the real morning feeling, without which no night nurse is complete!

One disadvantage of night duty is that one has very little chance of getting to know the men. Lights are out and all is quiet at 8 in the evening, just when we come on — and the morning hours are not those best adapted to getting talks with them. We are none of us at our best, nurses or patients, from 6 to 8 in the morning! However, one does a certain amount of talking with those to whom

one feels attracted — and I am collecting their experiences, written by themselves in a little book. Some write poetry — or sketch very cleverly. They are very chary of talking of their real feelings or experiences. I think that the British Tommies' idea of highest bravery — apart from some brilliant sort of feat which wins a V.C. — is to grin at everything, make tea under fire with scraps of earth from the shells landing in their cups, and march to meet the Germans singing "Tipperary." I am sorry I can't tell you interesting things about men at the front, and their feelings. The British Tommy has n't much to say about his feelings — bless him! All they say is that they have n't any feelings — except that when they are charging, they see *red*. All the horrors of war seem very impersonal, according to their account. I know men who have gone on fighting for ages after they were shot. They say that they feel something hot and find it is blood, and that 's how they discover that they are wounded. Brown told us that a few minutes before he was hit, they were killing themselves laughing at the Germans — who could n't find the range. When at last they found it, poor Brown found he could n't walk.

We have a man in Munsey who got shot in six places in one day — shoulder, head, arm, thigh, and both knees. The arm wound is a very curious one, for the bullet entered at the shoulder and passed out at the elbow without touch-

ing the bone! Another man had a bullet enter the elbow and pass out at the hand, also not touching the bone; but in that case, the nerve is injured, and his hand is partly paralyzed. He suffers much from neuritis. One man saw the back of another's head blown off, right up into the air, leaving him standing there for a second with only a face. No wonder that sometimes they have nightmare, and that some of them can't sleep. They love hot milk — it sends them off quicker than anything. We are giving it all night long.

Sister Vera has made me responsible for the dressing at midnight of our worst case — a Yorkshireman, with a badly fractured femur, and the doctors are most interested in his case. The American nurses on day duty said he was rude to them, but I think it is because they don't understand the English way of dealing with this class of men. The Yorkshireman is very docile with Sister Vera and us. He had no manners, and said "Yes" and "No" to her. She smiled graciously at him and said, "How about 'Yes, thank you, Sister?'" He said it, and has be-thanked and be-Sistered her ever since.

I think I have already told you that all the horrors of the Germans' behavior are true — countless men tell us that a baby spiked onto a door with a bayonet was a common sight. One does n't like to ask, for fear of what one will hear.

Munsey Ward, December 23, 1914

We got in a new lot of eighty wounded a week ago, and many old ones have gone out. Sixteen left from Munsey this morning, and tonight at "breakfast" we heard that a new lot were arriving on the instant. We got 20 of them here in Munsey. Three were fractured femurs, all packed in huge wooden splints from shoulder to heel. One man, a Scotchman of the Black Watch, has been eight weeks in hospital at Boulogne with both legs fractured — a shocking condition after eight weeks. Such a nice, sandy-haired man he is, and he does not say a word, but one can see he is anxious about it — small wonder. On my side of the ward there is also a nice boy about twenty, who will never use his right arm again. The shoulder is badly fractured and they had to take out the top of the humerus, as well as lots of small bits of bone. He has been very helpless, but much better now. He has an egg, always scrambled, for his breakfast — I do it and take it to him myself — he does enjoy it, and I would n't miss his smile for anything. Another pathetic case is a man who was blown fifty feet into the air, by an exploding shell which killed the two men next him. You can imagine what condition his nerves are in. He talks constantly in his sleep of France and Belgium.

We all are upset over the shelling of Scarborough — and the terrible loss of women's and babies' lives. It brings

it all so near home. Of course, here in little Paignton even there are no lights allowed on or near the sea-front. One afternoon when I walked to have tea with friends at Torquay, I had to grope my way along. We have strict orders here to veil all our lights as much as possible.

It is my week at the bathrooms now. Colin B—— and I turn and turn about with it all — bathrooms, the huge daily pile of laundry, etc., etc. Since the aeroplanes came, some of the night nurses are nervous about lights in the lavatories, as their roofs are of glass! I said to Sister Vera tonight that if the German aeroplanes come and drop a bomb on me there, at least my mother will have the satisfaction of knowing that I died at my post ——— doing unpleasant jobs!!

I really like night duty, and although I can come off at New Year, having then done two months of it, I am meditating asking Matron to keep me on a bit longer. I am awfully well and sleep gloriously — night duty is far less tiring physically — it has been a comparative rest-cure. When we come off duty Sister Vera and I take a walk through the gardens for twenty minutes or so, after our morning dinner, and then I sleep the sleep of honest toil until I am called at 6 P.M.

I can't realize that the day after tomorrow is Christmas. I shall think of you, and shall send you a cable tomorrow. We are busy, in odd minutes, making gauze stockings for

our two hundred men — each one will contain fruit, jam, tobacco, etc., and an individual present from the Committee.

December 25, 1914

Such a busy Christmas Eve as we had, hanging all the men's stockings. Then Colin B—— and I went to midnight mass — just in uniform and coats, as the little church is only ten minutes from our gates. After getting back, we had supper, and one of the doctors brought some port. B—— and I decorated the table and it looked sweet — and we had the British and American flags.

Such a nice Christmas morning — we night nurses got the first flush of it all, and I would nôt have missed it for worlds. You should have heard the shouts when I turned the lights on at 6 A.M. and they saw their stockings. They entered gloriously into the spirit of it, and the big ward rang with "Merry Christmases!" They were not allowed to open the stockings before seven, but some of them did, and were delighted with the strongly scented soap which each one got! They insisted on using it instead of their ordinary soap. They also got jam, cigarettes, tobacco, Christmas cards from Matron, etc., etc., and each a handsome silver cigarette-case from the Committee, all just alike, with small American and British flags, raised, on the lid. They all feel that they will never forget their

CHRISTMAS DINNER AT OLDWAY HOUSE

Christmas here. At the evening concert in Munsey — where we night nurses arrived in time for the very end of it — they cheered the Americans loudly. Later in the evening, about thirty choir boys came and sang carols to the men in the wards — lovely carols they were.

Our Christmas has been *perfect*. Every one, from the patients to the maidservants, declared that they never had so happy a one. The men loved it all, and were as jolly as school-boys.

Sister Vera and I received Christmas cards from our friends in Churchill — Brown, Donnaghy, and others.

December 27, 1914

Yesterday — Boxing Day — there was a Christmas dinner in the evening for the whole nursing staff in the marble hall — seventy-one of us. It seemed odd to go to a formal dinner in cap and apron!

You know how undemonstrative the British Tommies are — I made a point of asking a lot of them how they liked their stockings, just to see what they would answer. Their almost universal reply was, "It's *all right*, Sister," which is the highest praise they are capable of giving. No. 20, the boy I told you of, was writing in my book, and I found that he had put only a few conventional lines, dates, etc. I happened to know that he had been sixteen weeks without a bath, until, during the retreat from Mons,

he and some others managed to get baths in a horse-trough; also that after wearing one shirt almost the same number of weeks he got a woman's blouse, which he wore until he was wounded. So I made him put a postscript and write those things in. My book is going to be a treasure, with sketches, and whenever possible, a photograph taken by me of each man along with what he has written. Many nurses have books, but no one will have the photographs but me!

I will keep on trying to get the men's impressions for you, in driblets. Am so glad you are coming on the 23d — don't put it off again!

Tuesday, January 5, 1915, 2 A.M.

Had only three hours' sleep today, and in the evening one hundred new patients came. They arrived at about 9.30, and we had three hours' hard work before we could think of sitting down for a bite of supper at 1 o'clock. *Am* I tired!!— This lot of men are not all straight from the front. They have nearly all been a week or more in hospital at Boulogne — nevertheless they are very tired, disheveled, and dirty. The doctors are disappointed at the lack of interesting surgical cases at present — of course they want good operations. Dr. H—— made us laugh tonight by his disgust over one of his wards, where out of eight cases new tonight, seven are frost-bite!

It is an interesting moment when they first come in — one has a chance to talk with them while helping get them to bed, and packing up their filthy clothes. There is a most fetching Gordon Highlander on my side of the ward who kept us all laughing. He had a huge knife in his pocket with enormous blades, and a sort of spike for splicing rope, which latter, he told me, the Germans use for finishing off their enemies, by sticking it into the temple. It was tied into his pocket on a dirty cord, and has been all through the war with him — he presented it to me. Another man gave me a bone spoon which he found in one of the German trenches.

Tuesday, 11 P.M.

Could not finish this morning — I was so tired! At 5 A.M., sitting over our tea, I fell dead asleep for five minutes. With every new lot of patients, the first morning is hard — for one does not know how much one has to do in the given time from 6 to 8. There are also the diets, and the eggs to cook before 7.15. Sister Vera is a splendid trainer of probationers — when you think you have got all you can possibly do in a given time, she gives you something more, and you find you can do that too! *Having to do* is a fine master. With every new lot of patients, the first nights are very busy, as the men are restless, and most of them have coughs also. They often talk in their sleep —

and last night, one man kept shouting, "I see him — I see him!!"

Am sitting out in the ward as I write, at the Head Sister's desk, between two red screens, listening for calls and giving hot milk. The head case I spoke of is very bad — he is on my side of the ward. He is quite young — and will probably be blind in both eyes, for the bullet went in one eye and out behind the other. He suffers terribly and is completely unstrung. He loves a bit of fussing and begged me to talk with him this morning. We all baby him a lot. Tonight he broke down completely and sat up in bed sobbing, and begging to have his bandage taken off. He kept saying, "Oh, God, help me to bear my pain." He had morphia, the dressing changed, and hot drinks, and I have been waiting on him all night long. Every few minutes he sits up and calls for me, and simply clings to one's hand like a baby. It wrings one's heart — for there is no chance, the doctor tells me, of his ever seeing daylight again — and only twenty.

Thursday, January 7, 1915

Colin B—— and I have to make rounds every hour all night: she at nine, I at ten, she at eleven, and so on. One gets quite a ward memory — able to come back and report to Sister Vera which ones out of all the sixty-seven men are awake — and why. I have one half of the ward

— thirty-three beds — and she the other half. I am in charge also of all the special breakfast diets for the whole ward.

There is a very interesting case on my side of the ward — a great care too — a man with a fractured femur and colitis. We now have four fractured femurs in Munsey and they all have the long splint extension on their legs, with weights, and the bed very much tipped up. Lots of the men have learned to knit to pass the time — and are quite good at the mufflers.

Don't despair of me, as regards getting the opinion of the men on the war and things. But you would never believe how impossible it is to screw a general opinion out of them. Their own individual experiences they can tell, some more than others, of course — though all need drawing out. I have scarcely yet met a man who could say anything worth writing down about things in general. And the doctors tell me that they find it the same. This is not hard to understand, when you realize that even the officers don't know what they are doing. As for the Tommies, they have no idea of anything beyond how many miles they marched in a day, or how many weeks they went without a bath, or how many hours they lay wounded before they were found. During our hours on night duty, they are awake only from 6 to 8 in the morning — a period of horrible rush for me. If I ever do linger to talk to one of them, it is with

a hunted feeling and one eye on the clock. Here in Oldway, we have no officers — only the Tommies.

I shall have to stop now — it is nearly 3. My blind boy is sleeping better tonight, but wakes up often, and each time is nearly crying with nerves and pain, and has to be soothed. It is important, for the sake of the other men, too, that he should not make a noise and wake up those who are near him. I give him cocoa and a cigarette, and have to stay while he smokes it — as he might set his dressing alight. He clings to one's hand, and keeps murmuring, "Thank you, Sister."

Munsey is delightful at night. It is very fresh — we have the top of every window and the huge big end door open all night. There are red screens to shield the men who are near the doors, and they all have extra blankets. A corporal, who draws very cleverly and calls himself "the untamed artist," has done a sketch of me as "fresh-air fiend" — opening doors and windows — and himself sitting up in bed sneezing.

You would not approve of our chief diet these days — it is constantly *pig!* Either ham, bacon, or sausages — until it has become a joke amongst us. I suppose it is for economy.

January 15, 1915

Dr. S—— did several very interesting operations, giving Sister Vera and me permission to come and see

them. One was the eye case of which I have been writing you. One eye was collapsed and had to be taken out, as the bullet had passed through.

Dr. S—— tells me that the chance is practically nil of the hemorrhage clearing in the other eye. The boy does not know the danger that he may never see again, and I dread unspeakably the day when he will have to be told. He is a dear lad — only twenty — and never got even a scratch until this bullet before Christmas. He nearly went mad for a week in France — and was in a terrible mental condition when he got to us. We have got him ever so much better now, and fairly quiet. He keeps saying in the most pathetic way, "I'd sleep if I could, Sister — you know I'd sleep if I could." He is a Cockney and they use the word "proper" in such an odd way. He constantly says, "It's properly paining me, Sister," and, "It's a proper bad eye, Sister." He used to ask when he would be able to open the other eye, but since the operation he has been too ill to care. It was very septic. Morphia has very little effect, and they don't like to give him much. He was very bad last night and suffered terribly. When I was giving him a drink of hot cocoa, he put his poor head on my shoulder and said, "I wish I had never seen the army, Sister." He has no family and his home in London is with the mother of his sweetheart, Violet, whose name is tattooed on his arm. I asked him all

about her, and four or five days ago Violet's mother was given a pass to come down and see him. It occurred to me how nice if Violet could come, too, to be here for his operation. I found it was only the expense which prevented, so as Sue had just sent me some money from Boston to be spent for the patients as I thought best, I put the matter in the hands of the Bureau, and the next afternoon Violet arrived — just eighteen — and exactly the quiet, sweet, nice sort of girl I hoped she would be, for without his eyes he will need her. I asked him the first night if he were glad to see her, and he said, "If I only could *see* her, Sister!" I have written Sue how much happiness the first twenty-one shillings of her present have given. They were here four days. Violet works in a draper's shop. Both were most grateful.

Some other friends have also sent me money for my cases, and I have been able to help a number of them, for we are by way of hearing and knowing as no committee of outsiders could possibly do. There are two men going out before long, each of them with a leg two inches or so shorter than the other. They are anxious to have a special boot in order to avoid appearing lame. They need n't have been so lame, had we had them straight from the front — but after stopping in hospitals in France on the way, there is n't the same chance to put them right. I am going to buy boots for both of them. It will mean a lot to them. One of them, poor fellow, was a jockey!

Bob went out in the Scots Guards and was wounded — shot in the face early in January — during a charge near La Bassée. The other officers were shot down, so he had to take command — and he went on until he fainted from loss of blood. His mother wrote that eyes, nose, and mouth escaped, and later he wrote me himself that soon he should have nothing to show for his trouble! In answer to my question what he thought of the front, he writes, "It is not all jam, and for my part I think it's ——— dangerous!"

January 21, 1915. 2.30 A.M.

A bad throat is rampaging here, and Matron is nearly wild — she is so short-handed. I am well and hope to escape — for I should hate to break my four-months record. The weather is appalling now — constant rain, and we get used to going to walk in the wet just as if it were fine — otherwise one would never go out at all!

Ever so many patients have gone out — only twenty-nine now in Munsey — but we shall soon be filled up again. Sometimes a man tries to fake illness, in order to stay on. It is called malingering — one who went today tried that, but it was no good. They succeeded better under the English doctors! We got a sailor with our last lot of patients — sent to us by mistake! — our first sailor and probably the last. They intended sending him on to a

naval hospital, but he made such rapid progress that it was n't worth while. He is a most entertaining man, and has a marvellous collection of war trophies from the front, including a Prussian helmet which he took from an officer shot by himself. He belongs to the little band of seventy — all gunners — chosen from a man-of-war, to man the naval armored trains in Belgium. That is how a sailor happened to be fighting on land — and it is the first time it has happened. His cap band is very interesting for that reason — with the letters H.M.N.A.T. Jellicoe (His Majesty's Naval Armored Train Jellicoe). And he has a medal, given by the Belgians, with a picture of the train. Each train is composed of three gun carriages, two powder magazines, and an engine at each end. They run right up to the firing-line, and can accomplish a lot, beside being able to get away quickly. He has worked hard in the ward — since he was better — and is a very handy man. Nearly all soldiers are — they make beds and cook and sweep far better than many women — they are so neat and thorough.

Sir William Osler was here yesterday inspecting the hospital and he very kindly inquired for me. After dinner Dr. S—— brought him over to Munsey to see me. I was out in the kitchen teaching a new probationer, with my sleeves rolled up — but flew to the sitting-room just as I was.

One of the most intelligent men in the ward is a lad of

twenty, a corporal. He was making a charge in command of thirty men when he got shot. He talks most interestingly about the war and things in general, and voices the British Tommy very well in a general way. He says they are all in sympathy with the war, and glad to have a go at the Germans. Also that nothing could be better than the way in which it is all managed. He said they get nearly as good food at the front as here in the hospital, except when actually in the trenches — and even then it is not bad, although water is often terribly scarce. Also that the transportation of the wounded back from the front is wonderfully done.

I asked a big Seaforth Highlander whether he wanted to go back. He said, "I don't wish to be like those swankers who say they *want* to — I'd rather not"; then he got very red and added — "But I don't mind." They all ridicule the idea of wanting to go back — and say no sane man could. In that respect this war is different from any other there has ever been. The men all say, "This is n't *war* — it's *murder*." Most of them are very glad if they can be honorably discharged as physically unfit.

January 25, 1915

Great changes here — everybody has been moved — and I go back to day duty in Paget Ward. I shall be sorry to leave Munsey, for I have been happy here and

had some very jolly times. Dr. H——, the head of the second Unit, said he had never seen anything so fine as the way Sister Vera runs the ward and us — such strict discipline and work always first, and yet we manage to have a good time.

You can't think what it is at night here now — no lights — black — and even the trams running between Paignton and Torquay are dark, only a small light the size of a bicycle lamp. . . . A terrible thing happened last night in Torquay — a sentry challenged two Territorial officers driving a car. They played the fool and would not answer properly, and he shot them. One was killed and the other wounded — it makes us feel very near the front.

Paget Ward, January 26

I came on day duty in Paget today, and think I am going to like it well. There are some interesting cases. One man was hit by a hand grenade. He has sixty-seven wounds — all on his head, his back, and arms. One arm is terrible — all the flesh gone — only the two bones left and a hole between. The flesh is slowly growing in around, but it looks like the pictures of the famine in India.

The worst case in Paget — much talked of — is indescribably awful. The man was shot through the leg — and got the new gas gangrene germ just discovered at the

front, and so rare that they know nothing about it yet. He is one of the first men back in England who has it. His leg is in an awful condition, pouring pus. He will probably lose it, and they say he may die at any time. It is dreadful to see how he suffers when moved — he screams with pain, and it takes five of us to change his draw-sheet. The stench of his dressings fills even this big ward. It is most infectious and we are more than careful.

There is a priceless Gobelin tapestry on the wall of Paget. It is solidly attached to the back side of David's great painting of Napoleon, which faces on the stairway. Together they form a curtain which, when Paget — the ballroom — was used as a theater, could be lowered into the floor without rolling. The guests sat in the marble gallery — where we had our Christmas dinner — looking across over the grand staircase into Paget, which formed the stage.

February 6, 1915

Your wire and letter from Liverpool received — and I am expecting you here on the 8th. I told our one and only sailor about your narrow escape from German submarines — and he was thrilled to hear of the Baltic being protected by eight destroyers and two dreadnoughts! He talked most interestingly about submarines in the English Channel. When they see a floating keg which seems to be drift-

ing "*against* the wash," they know that it conceals the periscope of a submarine!

Matron says I may have two weeks with you in London about February 25. I have just let my cottage to Major S—— and his wife, for a month or two.

February 13, 1915

The operation done by Dr. S——, just after you left, was most interesting. It was the first time that the new telephone apparatus for locating bullets and metal substances has been used here. It is quite a new thing, invented here in England some years ago, but only just perfected for practical use. It is simple to look at — a wire attached to the instrument, and the operating doctor and one other man wear metal head-bands with a sort of telephone ear-pieces. When the instrument touches bone there is no sound, but when it touches metal there is a click. This case which I saw was a bullet deeply embedded in the bone of a man's shoulder — and they were able to get it out much sooner, and with a much smaller incision, than they otherwise could. It was most interesting to see — and four of the American nurses were there to watch, as well as Sister Vera and myself.

The little Scotchman is getting on well — you remember seeing him, No. 13 in Munsey, and that I had written you how bad he had been. He has been out in a wheel chair.

I took a photograph the other day of the doctor doing his dressing, irrigating his leg, with a nurse at each side of his bed. He is very proud of it and wants numerous copies for his friends. There is a nice little fair-haired boy in Munsey, only twenty, who came to us packed in a wooden frame, with a badly fractured leg and other wounds. He was wounded and pinned down by other bodies, and thinking he heard some Belgians coming, he called. But they were Germans — and they bayoneted him again — giving him his worst wound. He pretended to be dead and they left him — and he lay from Tuesday to Friday before he was found, with his leg pinned down, and his haversack with food within sight, but out of reach. He said he took good care, before he called again, that it was really Belgians that time. Poor boy — he was looking forward to getting home to see his sweetheart, and today he had news that she has married somebody else. When I saw him this morning he was white as death — but pretending he did n't care.

February 16, 1915

Nearly a week since you were here! Your gramophone is the delight of Paget Ward — you could n't have given anything nicer. It goes from daybreak to bedtime, and we interchange records with the other wards.

I did feel freshened by your visit here, and the motoring

— and am much looking forward to my two weeks in London with you. Matron says I can go about February 25. She thinks I have earned my time off — and so do I! I have been here exactly five months yesterday, and have not been off duty for one hour through illness! Everybody is ill now with bad colds and influenza, and my head nurse is in bed.

My blind boy was taken to London by Dr. S—— today to see an eye specialist. I went over to Munsey this morning to say good-bye to him. Later he came to Paget, in khaki, to say good-bye again — and Sister Scott photographed me with him. Mrs. Burns was very interested in his case, and if he does not get perfectly all right she is going to see that arrangements are made for him for life.

I have heard the details about Major G—— being wounded. He went out to France as staff officer to General X——, and was sent with a very important verbal message, and was badly shot in the leg and thigh. They picked him up for dead and threw him on a cart filled with bodies. Suddenly he startled the bicycle riders beside the cart, by sitting up and repeating aloud his message in delirium. So they took him to a hospital and his father went out to bring him home. He has been specially mentioned in Sir John French's despatches and is to get the D.S.O.

You know that several of the orderlies are Belgian boys. Ours in Paget was at the front, but cannot return there, so he and his family came to England. He is quite an educated lad and a splendid worker. I talk French with him, to the delight of his soul. Not long ago his feelings were wounded inadvertently by one of the nurses, and for days he was in terrible distress — nearly ill over it. I tried to find out what the matter was, knowing it could be only some misunderstanding, but I could not make him tell me. He kept saying, "When a Belgian says no, it is *No*" — and I rather admired him for his reserve.

I have just had a letter from W——, who, as I think I told you, refused a commission last autumn and joined the ranks. He writes that his family left him no peace and that he has now accepted a commission in the 5th West Blanks, who are likely to go abroad soon. He says he loved the experience of the ranks, and made many friends. He was sorry to leave them and said he could have fought beside them with a stout heart, as what they lacked in education they made up in nobility of character.

Another officer asked me the other day why I am glad to nurse Tommies rather than officers. I have many reasons — but the one I gave him was that the *men* are such obedient patients — they are taught to look on the youngest and most inexperienced nurse as their superior officer,

and obey her slightest word implicitly. I have heard that officers when convalescent are most tiresome, getting up too soon, and disobeying orders generally. I know that B—— got a relapse from just that. Tommy Atkins is very easy to manage. The only time I ever had any difficulty was one evening when I was left in charge of the ward for a few minutes, as the Sisters had to go to a meeting. It was just the men's bedtime — 8 P.M. Some of them were in an uproarious mood, tearing about — some on crutches — playing hide and seek, and making a lot of noise. It is hard enough at best to get them to go to bed and quiet down when they are all convalescent — but this time it looked next to impossible. I managed it by appealing to their sense of chivalry — that if they did n't, it would get *me* into trouble more than them.

We were speaking of the numbers of men wounded in the eyes and forehead during the early part of the war — and now the new periscopes for the trenches are making a difference. Only the top shows over the edge of the trench — and there are mirrors which reflect below, so that the officers need not put their heads above the edge. If the bullet hits the periscope, it only breaks the glass, and they put another in. These periscopes are not furnished by the War Office, but are sent out to the officers by their friends.

Our fine big Seaforth Highlander is miserable today —

his uniform has come, and it is not his own kilt, and the coat is far too small, his great hands are miles out of the cuffs! He is six feet two, and his name is Ronald Bannerman. He was describing the different kilts to me — the Gordon and Cameron Highlanders, and the Black Watch. They all wear khaki aprons while at the front. And he says that the kilt is really more comfortable than trousers in the trenches — and that this war is proving it. When trousers are wet above the knee, the underclothing is wet as well — but the kilts don't touch them as much, and their knees dry off.

Casey, our Irish lad with a bullet in his brain, is not right — yet full of charm at times. He is paralyzed all down one side, but is better now, and can stump about the ward with a stick. He is difficult to manage, and when he is annoying he is unsurpassed! But now I have him in the hollow of my hand — for he wants copies of photographs which I have taken of him, and of the ward. And I have made them a reward for good behavior. He used always to refuse to go to bed — but now he goes like a lamb at my bidding. If he ever forgets, I just say, "Oh, Casey, what a pity if you don't get those pictures" — and that's enough.

Here are verses which were written by a Tommy and copied in my book for me by No. 26. He said they had been printed in a local country paper: —

LITTLE AND CONTEMPTIBLE

I used ter be a "Brickie" till I joined and took the bob,
I was reckoned quite a terror dahn our street,
'Cos me fists were fairly useful wiv a rough and tumble mob,
Wot were n't averse ter scrappin' wiv ther feet.
An' the fellers in my Reg'ment say I'm pretty useful still,
Tho' me fists is graspin' trenchin' tool and gun.
So I've only one ambition — ter meet Mr. Kaiser Bill,
And dot 'im several wunners on the bun.

For I'm "little and contemptible" — bofe me and Gen'ral French,
It's official — Bill the Kaiser tole us so.
But you wait till I'm in Berlin,
Then you'll see 'is whiskers curlin' —
I'm "little and contemptible" — Wot 'o!

It's true I've never 'ad the chaunce o' sneakin' any loot,
And I don't suppose I'd do it if I could.
(You can larf) but on me savy, tho' I looks an 'ulkin' brute —
They never seen *me* pinchin' fings — (touch wood!)

An' I never fired a Church, shot a woman, nor a kid,
Nor stuck a wounded soldier from behind.
So I dessay Billiam's right — callin' me the names 'e does —
An' of all the lot there's only two I mind.

I'm "little and contemptible" — bofe me and Gen'ral French,
But love-a-duck it puzzles me ter see,
'E says 'e's Gawd's anointed,
But it sounds a bit disjointed —
If *I'm* "little and contemptible," wot's *'e!*

Oldway House, Paignton
March 17, 1915

When I got back from London on Sunday afternoon at 3, I found a new lot of patients just arriving, so I went to Matron and volunteered to go on duty at once — instead of the next morning. And at 4 o'clock I was back in Paget helping to install a new lot of tired and dirty men.

There are several changes here — a new probationer whom I am training in, and Dr. H—— back here for a short time, although returning soon to Belgium for good. Dr. R—— left yesterday for Pau. Sister Vera has written to the War Office, and received her papers to fill out. By the way, we have got to be inoculated here for enteric, or else we

shall not be allowed near a typhoid case. So I have put my name down, and it will be already done if I do get a chance to go abroad.

March 20, 1915

Edwardes, the gangrenous germ case, returned to us in Paget a few days ago — ever so much better, and looking a different creature. But he had been through so much that his nerves were all to bits — he still shrieked when moved, and made a fearful fuss over his dressings, shaking all over and crying. Returning to a big ward after being so long alone has taken him out of himself, and he is quieting down in spite of himself. In that way he is not at all like a typical Tommy, who generally dislikes special fuss and attention, and is very glad to become one of the common herd again. When Mudie was so bad, we thought he would perhaps go on being troublesome and demand continued attention; but not a bit of it, he has been delighted to get up and about. As soon as he possibly could, he was out in the kitchen carrying plates for newcomers, and he is *dear* with Edwardes, so kind and thoughtful of him. We put Edwardes next to him, for the sake of the stimulating moral effect that he would have on him.

Our Gobelin tapestry is covered over with green baize again. I hear that some of the men lying opposite objected to looking at it all day — so much for the Tommies' ap-

preciation of Art! I imagine, however, that it was covered for hygienic reasons — being such a dust and germ collector.

Matron is giving to us four senior probationers blue and white stripes for our left arms, to show that we have been here six months.

March 23, 1915

Lady B—— was here and asked me what your impressions are now of work in London. I told her that you very soon found that the Belgians' need faded to insignificance compared with the awful need of the Serbians. I am giving up my hope of going to Serbia. H. has written that I simply must not think of it — and I am hoping now for Belgium, and am trying for a post in Dr. Depage's hospital at La Panne, on the coast, twenty minutes from the firing-line. They have three hundred beds now, and must have twelve hundred by summer. There are difficulties about getting into Belgium — and it was nice of Mr. Page to write that the Embassy will help in any way it can. It is useful to carry as many letters as possible.

March 31, 1915

Yesterday afternoon we got in a new lot of patients, nearly a hundred. Almost all of them are from Neuve Chapelle, and some are very bad. We all worked like mad, so glad for real work again, and big dressings.

A terrible case among ours in Paget is a man whose

teeth, lower lip, and chin are shot entirely away. The jaw bone is fractured, what remains of it, and he can't eat or speak — we feed him through a long tube. He is on the dangerous list. He is so patient, and tries to talk with his eyes — like a dumb animal.

There are many wounded by hand grenades, which are being used so much now. The men tell us that the Germans throw them at the rate of thirty-five a minute. They say that there are men about them — and then suddenly the air is full of arms and legs — and there is no one there. The doctors find gramophone needles and broken scissors in the wounds.

The men tell us of their friendly feeling for individual Germans. The trenches are so near that they can speak across. Our men ask, "Which are you?" — and the answer sometimes may be, "We're the Saxons — we don't want to fight." And they make signs — "Don't shoot and we won't!" Some of the last men tell us that they were wounded by the English, who mistook them for Germans after they had taken some German trenches. They said that it was rather hard to be shot by their own friends.

Nothing is so marvellous as the cheerfulness of the fighting men — in spite of the scarcity of ammunition. They have names for all the different kinds of shells — "Artful Archibald," "Whistling Rufus," "Morbid Montmorency," etc., etc.

We had our second inoculation last night — an inconvenient time, as we don't want lame arms the next day or two! The second dose is double the first — the third is the same as the second. Mine is taking, but I have worked like a galley slave all day, and not been troubled by it. My feet are awfully bad — Paget floor is most trying, being the ballroom. Last night and tonight I did n't know how to hobble to Fernham, when I came off duty.

April 3, 1915

Sir William Osler came in to examine two lung cases. I was very glad of the chance to see him make an examination — he is wonderful. He told me that our lung cases, with the bullets still in, are unusually interesting — I don't know enough about it to understand why!

Matron was awfully nice when I told her that I wanted to go to Belgium, and said that she would take me back here at any time. She wants me to stay until the 18th, as there is no senior probationer available to replace me in Paget, until N—— returns from her week's holiday. As there are only two trained nurses in Paget for the future, they depend a great deal more on the senior probationers.

Mrs. T—— has written me a charming letter enclosing a draft for the men — it was so good of her. The money has come at just the right time, now that we have so many needy and badly wounded patients.

April 7, 1915. 10 P.M.

I saw two operations today — a hernia case, where two cuts several inches long were made in the abdomen — very interesting. And then an appendix. They operated, not knowing just what to expect, and found all sorts of trouble. He was under the anæsthetic three hours, and did not stand it at all well. They brought him back to Paget in a critical condition and he had to be given oxygen.

Matron went to Sister Vera's room at 7 to ask if she would "special" him through the night, saying that although there were plenty to choose from, she would rather have her do it than anybody — as it was so critical and she wanted some one whose head was "absolutely balanced." A great compliment to Sister Vera, was n't it? — and she was very glad to do it. She was like a war horse scenting battle! She had been on duty nearly all day, and had no sleep — but did n't care a rap — as of course no good nurse would.

April 8

He is all right this morning, good color, and everything as it should be.

Aunt K—— has just sent me another five pounds for the men — and I am delighted. The first I have been spending for their teeth — and for crutches. The Government does not provide teeth, and the men are so grateful to have

them given, for they take a certain pride in their appearance. There are at least half a dozen cases still waiting for glass eyes. One is the man in Paget of whom I wrote — with the eye gone, and a fractured wrist, and a rib wound now healed. He lost three front teeth also, and the other day he told me that he almost minded about his teeth the most of all. I want him to be put right — and as I am leaving so soon, I am arranging with Matron to use the remaining money for those cases I speak of and others of the same sort. When Colman, the jaw case, is healed up he will need to be thoroughly overhauled by a dentist. I told him today that an American lady was going to have it done for him. He was so pleased, and even achieved a faint smile!

It is almost impossible to believe that I am going so soon — and a great wrench it will be. I could not tear myself away for anywhere except Belgium or France — have been here seven months on Thursday. I dread saying goodbye to the men. Today I had a long talk with Edwardes — and he has written a delightful account in my book of his time at the front. One thing I think unusually interesting — that while at Ypres — in the trenches — the Germans were so near that he could hear distinctly the officers trying to make the men charge, shouting, "Vorwärts!" — and the men refusing, "Nein! Nein!" I told Edwardes that I was going to Belgium — he looked very

sorry, and said that he thought I should soon wish myself back!

I shall be staying only a few days longer. Expect me in London the 12th, and I hope to get to Belgium soon.

Much love —

MARY.

London, May 1, 1915

DEAREST AUNT K——

It is very wearisome waiting to be sent to La Panne, but the shelling of Dunkirk does not bode well for our speedy departure. We simply have to wait from day to day, ready to start at short notice. The American Red Cross doctors and nurses — of the two new Units, just arrived from America — are waiting also in London. La Panne is at present under shell fire — the King and Queen have been headquartering there, an added reason, I suppose, for the Germans to try to demolish it. But I hear that just now they have been too near La Panne to be able to get so short a range, and Dunkirk as you know has been the victim. Many hospitals there are being evacuated.

In the meantime, I have been rather enjoying some free time here in London — also getting my new uniforms for La Panne, and the odds and ends necessary for the war zone. The uniform is of dark blue, and we wear white army caps. In order to get my certificate I had to take an

oral examination — in French — before five Belgian doctors. A very trying ordeal, for it was really a stiff examination, with questions which would be, as Sister Vera said afterward, asked of trained nurses in their third year. But I got through somehow, and am now the proud possessor of a certificate giving me "le droit de me mettre au service de la Croix Rouge de Belgique en qualité d'infirmière," signed by all the doctors.

May 8, 1915

Yesterday morning we went to Deptford, opposite Greenwich on the river, to the big cattle market which the Government is now using for military work of all kinds. We went especially to visit the department where all the Emergency Rations for the whole British Army are packed — little tin boxes, with biscuits and tea and sugar and cubes of Ovo — which the men take into the trenches with them. Lady Kathleen L—— is running it with marvellous system and success. She has reduced expenses for the Government, and at the same time increased the output, until now she has on hand a large reserve of the "Iron Rations," as they are called. It was most interesting, and we were there the whole morning. She lives there — inside — her brother being one of the officers in command of the Government works. Their quarters are in two quaint old seventeenth century houses, and their mess looks out on

Evelyn's old garden — which would interest you very much. His house has disappeared. Peter the Great learned his trade there in the dockyard.

There were nine hundred girls in the Emergency Rations Department, and they did Princess Mary's Christmas present for the Army — a gilt box containing tobacco and a pipe and a Christmas card, etc., with her picture on the lid. The Queen and Princess Mary came out to see it done, and enjoyed themselves very much, sending the different articles along on the trolleys, and packing a box each. Lady K—— and the others were wondering whether the men really liked the boxes well enough to pay for all the trouble and expense, but I said that I *knew* they did. At Paignton our men treasured them long after the contents were gone, and used to send the empty boxes home to their wives or keep them carefully in their lockers.

May 28, 1915

The Committee for the Belgian Refugee Fund, which distributes food all over London and the neighborhood, offered me a job to drive a motor-van for them to carry food to Belgian hostels and families. And now I have got a little second-hand runabout of my own, about thirty horse-power, to use in that work — while I am waiting in London, to get out to Belgium. Here is a post-card of it and me. At first a trouble in the magneto made it almost

IN LONDON, 1915

impossible to crank — and I sometimes had to get taxi-drivers to crank it for me, and even they often could n't without great difficulty! . . . I drove Mrs. Parker one afternoon to the Park for a review of six thousand volunteers from the different districts of London, with Sir Francis Lloyd on horseback reviewing the procession. A policeman let us inside the enclosure — the only car — on account of her being Lord Kitchener's sister. I had to stop my engine on account of the noise — and when the review was over the fat Chief Constable undertook to crank it. You can judge of his difficulties by the fact that when he finally succeeded, the crowd outside all cheered! Mrs. P. was much amused.

I was delighted to receive money from Mrs. H—— to be used for my wounded, and today came five pounds from Newport, given by a friend of Mrs. B——.

June 18, 1915

I have just had a wire from S——, her favorite nephew Jack killed in action in the Dardanelles, and I am going down this afternoon. It is so awful now — every one has lost some one. But the English women are wonderful — you can't think how brave they are — it is their faces that show!

Colin B—— has gone out to France with the St. John's Ambulance Corps, and writes me from Étaples, near

Boulogne, where she is living in tents. I only know where she is because we had agreed, if she were at Boulogne, she would mention "Bob" as having seen her off — if at Wimereux "William" would have been the one — or at Étaples, "Edward"!

I am off to Belgium next week. I despaired of ever getting there, and had applied for another job, deciding to take the first thing that offered. Then the French, British, and Belgian Red Crosses all sent for me within twenty-four hours! One wanted me to go immediately to the South of France to the Vicomtesse de la P——'s château near Villefranche, which is being turned by the French Government into a three-hundred-bed hospital. The second was to go with three others to Nevers to replace fully trained nurses in one of Dr. H. G——'s hospitals. Of course I chose Belgium, as it is the front.

We met Dr. Hector Munro lately — also Mrs. Knocker[1] and Mr. G——, members of his Motor Ambulance Corps — and have been seeing a lot of him this last week. He has been awfully kind, and is taking no end of trouble to get me out there. He believes in women being near, and says that men are dying daily for the lack of women to nurse them. Also that men orderlies cannot fill their place — but the British Government is immovable on the

[1] Now Baroness T'Serclaes, author of *The Cellar-house of Pervyse.* (*Editor's Note.*)

subject. You have surely heard of Dr. Hector Munro and his corps of half a dozen men and four girls, which he took out to Belgium as soon as the war started. Lady Dorothy Feilding, Cecil Dormer's sister-in-law, was one of the four. They were decorated by King Albert, and there has been more or less about them in the papers. They are the only women allowed so near the firing-line — and they go practically into the trenches to pick up wounded.

Another chance I might take — which I forgot to mention — is to work under Mrs. Innes-Taylor. She is organizing a big scheme for feeding the Belgian population — driving a car, however, not nursing.

The other night while staying with R. in Lindfield we motored up for dinner and a play, and supper after. We never left London until quarter to one to motor a two-hours run to Sussex. We were held up suddenly by patrols as we were tearing along — they bellowed "Halt!" and chased after us, six of them, and we expected to be shot any minute! We had to tell where we came from and where we were going — and it was quite like a pre-Victorian highway robbery, with dark, glowering faces peering in at us.

June 26, 1915

I am off on the 28th — wish me luck!

Much love,

MARY.

II. BELGIUM

Ambulance Jeanne d'Arc, Calais
June 28, 1915, 4 P.M.

DEAREST LITTLE MOTHER: —

Here I am, safely over — after a rough crossing. There were only a dozen soldiers on board — British and Belgian — returning to the front — and I was the only woman. The *fuss* to get off from Folkestone, — armed with passport — and forty permits and passes for going through the Belgian lines!

Calais is so much more "different" than England — everything very warlike and deserted. Very few women about, and the streets desolation, and scarcely a man out of uniform. The dear old Tommies make one feel at home. I could n't get a cab at the pier, so walked, with a porter carrying my bag, to the Place d'Armes — where I got a cab and drove here. Calais is so picturesque, with the old cobblestone and winding streets. My orders were to report here and wait for one of the La Panne cars to pick me up. La Panne is a two-hours run from here.

This hospital seems quite large, and I am writing in somebody's office — looking out on a big courtyard with lots of ivy. I am glad I speak French, as it makes things easier. I have had to go to get my permit viséd again, in order to pass the Belgian lines, but I think that this is the

last time. No more postage stamps for me! But instead of "On Active Service" one puts "S.M.," which means "Service Militaire." Most of the motors have it on them also — those which have been commandeered. This is the War Zone all right.

Ambulance de l'Océan, La Panne,
June 30, 1915

This is just to say I arrived safely, and love it — so glad I came. It is the FRONT. I shall always be glad that I came alone! The nurses gasped when they heard that I traveled all the way without any one. I never got here till nearly midnight, and was so dead tired and so covered with dust, that I did not care whether I lived or died. You will have got my letter from Calais written while waiting for the motor, which did not come until a quarter to eight — and then turned out to be five enormous gray Belgian Field Service Ambulances. They had been at Ypres and other places near the front, to collect one hundred and twenty-five little Belgian children who are being sent by the Queen of Belgium to schools in France. They were to spend the night at the hospital in Calais, and go on the next day by train. You should have seen the poor little tots swarming in the courtyard, having their faces and hands washed before going in to their supper — looking so tired and frightened. I had supper with the nurses —

PORTRAIT OF A LIFE-PRESERVER

hunks of brown bread and butter, and cold boiled potatoes, and beer. And when one of them discovered that I had had nothing since that morning, she ran and brought cold meat for me.

This was at 8 o'clock, and soon after 8.30 we started — a solemn procession of big gray monsters. We got quite a few cheers as we passed through Calais. The chauffeurs had put me and my luggage in the back of the biggest ambulance, and I was like a little pea rattling about in a very large pod, for when we got out into the country we went very fast. My kit-bag and other luggage, which started on the seat, were soon on the floor. And the dust!! I would n't have the big canvas curtains down, for I wanted to see the country — and it just poured in at the back.

We were held up frequently by sentries, who looked at my papers by flickering lantern light. At the Belgian lines they took them away — but brought them back and took off their hats with a flourish. The chauffeur said we came through Dunkirk, and I was watching out for it, but one could not know there was any town there at all — it was absolutely dark — not a light to be seen.

We finally got to La Panne after 11.30, and drew up at the door of the Ambulance de l'Océan — just a mass of buildings looming in the dark, on all sides. The night nurses wanted me to wait the few intervening minutes before their supper, but I was more tired than hungry.

They gave me a temporary room — and by midnight I was in bed and asleep.

The work is very hard here, and most interesting. The hospital is a big summer hotel on the sands, helped out by a lot of tin-roofed pavilions — mushroom growths which are divided into two big wards each. Each ward holds one hundred and twenty beds. I am in Pavilion Everyman — and have been given twenty beds of my own to be responsible for. Also one helps with dressings all over the ward.

One never stops — there are no chairs, and if there were they would be utterly superfluous. There is a theatre between the two wards, with four operating-tables. And it is one ceaseless round of operations — the brancardiers (orderlies) bringing in one case, fetching him out, carrying in the next — without stopping — all the mornings and most of the afternoons. I have already been sent in with several patients. The four tables are going hard all the time — and *such* cases! If one sat down and thought it would be unbearable, but one never thinks — it is the only way. Dr. H—— and Dr. F—— are here, and were glad to see some one from Oldway. They both have cases in B. Ward, where I am.

I was sent on duty early the morning after I arrived! Some of the nurses told me that they had the chance to rest a night at Dunkirk on the way — they were in luck!

One of my men had a big operation yesterday, and was

very ill — we slaved over him and today he is better. The doctor tells me that he is to be court-martialed as soon as he is able, for dropping a bomb purposely, and killing and wounding some men. His own wounds are almost punishment enough, but if it is proved, he will be shot. I felt quite ill over it, and I hope they won't prove him to have done it intentionally. I can't help grudging all the good gauze being used on him if he is getting well only to be shot! Dressings are not plentiful here.

One of the nurses — a Scotch girl — is a cousin of Dr. S—— and asked if I had known him at Oldway. She is like me, half trained, but we are all called Sisters here, and treated all more or less alike. There are no real probationers. The food seems rather poor, but one gets plenty. The dining-room opens onto the beach, and the view is lovely. The nurses all sleep in villas close by the hospital buildings, and I am in the Villa Pax (!) facing the beach — with a lovely room on the fourth floor overlooking the sea. At high tide the water is right up under the windows, and at low tide nearly half a mile out. We get gorgeous sunsets. My only room-mate at present is a Danish nurse — I have n't yet mastered her name. Mercifully she never bothers me by talking. We are a polyglot crowd — Belgian, French, Danish, English, Scotch, American, Canadian — and very likely others. This is only my second day, and I have yet much to discover. I have n't half seen the hospital

yet — there are endless wards, springing up on all sides. Our patients do not come in, of course, a lot at a time —as at Oldway, or hospitals farther from the front. The ambulances bring them in threes and fours, and they get here generally fifteen or twenty minutes after they are wounded. Six came in last night, two very bad who died.

At the present moment there is no firing going on — they say there is often a lull of a few days. It is quite easy to see the flashes at the firing-line at night from here, they tell me. Every evening four gunboats come on guard, some distance out at sea — we can see them and their funnels distinctly. The whole place is under strict military discipline — sentries everywhere.

I was never before so glad of my French. Some of the doctors and nurses don't speak any, and it is a bore for them. Most of the patients speak French — except a few Flamands — and they understand. I have met only one so far who does n't.

I lie down in my off time, which is only two hours. My room is a joy, with its lovely view, but the soldiers drilling and bathing on the beach keep up a continual racket. The Belgians have been put into khaki only three days ago — and they love it, and fancy themselves very British!

There is an Australian here who was one of Sister Vera's probationers out in Australia. I was so amused at hearing this, and said that I too had been her probationer — and

we both laughed! She admitted that she also had been run about, and I told her our joke in Munsey, about all Sister V.'s probationers having to learn the "Munsey glide"!

Better put the Depage name on all letters — it is so well known, and means much more than "Ambulance de l'Océan." On the passport they call it "l'Hôpital Depage."

July 1, 1915

An aeroplane passed very near my window — so near that it sounded almost in the room. They are constantly overhead, and often we hear the Germans firing at them. This morning there were big guns going. I said to a man I was bandaging, "Est-ce la guerre ou la pratique?" — and he said, "Oh, c'est bien la guerre."

I went out with two other nurses last evening for the first time. I have been too tired up to now. We went to the little village to find postcards. The street was crammed with soldiers who stare, but are perfectly polite. We are not allowed to wear anything but uniform, and may not ever go out alone. The beach is fenced in along the front of the hospital and our villas, with sentries guarding every entrance, but we can go out and walk where we like — only never alone. I hope later when my feet are better, to see some of the country. They are tightly bandaged, and that helps. I could n't keep going without — they were awful at first. We don't know what it is to sit down.

There is nothing much to tell since I wrote last except that I feel more at home, and love it. The work is especially heavy in our ward, and our easy days (which don't occur often) are like Oldway's hardest ones! It is really hard — such as I was looking for. A nurse took two of us last night to see the receiving ward — a separate building with about fifty beds always ready, X-ray and operating-room. The wounded are brought there, seen by the doctor, bathed, and if necessary operated on at once. It was 9.30 last evening when we went, and three had just come in and were waiting their turn for the theatre. If it is night, they are kept in bed there, and not sent on to the ward till morning, which saves endless noise and confusion.

I did a man's dressing today, who is being sent on to a London hospital — it made me almost homesick! We keep only the worst cases and send on the others to base hospitals — at Calais, etc. — or to England.

July 3, 1915

We have just been having a thrilling evening — three Belgian aeroplanes were being shelled by the Germans. We went down on the beach, and watched for half an hour. All of us were out craning our necks. We could see the aeroplanes clearly, though they were very high up. And we could hear the boom of the guns, and then see the flash in the sky, and a little puff of smoke

slowly dispersing. The sentry on the beach told us it was shrapnel, so now we know what shrapnel is like, when it bursts near the men. It seemed very close to the aeroplanes sometimes, but they moved fast — not trying to get away, however, for they kept circling about.

It is nearly 9 o'clock now, but still quite light. The view from my window is perfect as I write — the afterglow of a lovely purple sunset over the water — and the four little torpedo destroyers on guard. One gets quite fond of them, and I look for them every night. In the morning they are gone. A bugle blows at nine every night — and all lights must be hidden and everybody comes indoors.

I went to the theatre this afternoon with a new case who came last night, a great big six-footer. His arm was very badly smashed, and he lay on the table looking so unhappy that I talked to him, and found that he was afraid of losing the arm. He said he did n't mind for himself, but that he had "une mère et quatre petits frères." I asked the doctor, and was able to reassure him that he was almost certain not to lose it. He had never had ether before, and I explained to him that they would cover his face, and then he would be "endormi" and would feel nothing. He asked me whether his whole body would be "endormi," or only his arm — and he took the ether like a lamb. I have never seen any one take it so peacefully — just breathing quietly and not stirring even a finger. The operation took an hour

and twenty minutes, and such an arm! The explosive shells work havoc. The doctor hopes to save it, but I feel very anxious — he is such a nice lad, and so plucky.

Do write all news — one is so cut off here, and treasures every detail. Could n't you send me daily papers instead of weekly? I am starving for news of England and the war!

Sunday, July 4, 1915

It is hot today. I do not work in the big house, which is cool and gets all the breezes — but in a pavilion which is stewing — only a tin roof and uncurtained windows, so that the sun pours in all day. I can't bear to see the men lie panting with the heat and be able to do nothing for them — no ice — no electric fans — nothing. The conditions here are unsanitary in every way — flies thick everywhere. We have to keep brushing them out of the wounds while doing dressings, and they swarm over our food in the dining-room. The garbage stands uncovered, I am told.

The work is really hard, and they make it harder than need be — by little things such as putting green and white counterpanes on every bed when we come on duty, not making the beds then, as there is not time enough, only tidying them. Then after dinner really making the beds!! Then at 5 o'clock taking all the counterpanes off for the night!!! In a ward of one hundred and twenty beds it is a lot of extra work — at Oldway we never dreamed of taking

them off at night. These are a gift from the Queen, who is likely to visit the wards unexpectedly, so they cannot be taken off for the night till the last thing. She does not realize the extra work it makes for the nurses! I wish she had given us thermometers instead, for there are only eleven for one hundred and twenty beds. It is always a competition between the other nurse and me to secure the odd one. Lots of nurses are overworked here. However, I expected it, and am awfully glad I came.

The curé tells me that there is mass at 10.30 in the big house — pour les blessés — but one can't be let off to go, too rushed in the wards.

A man told me that his sister was a Red Cross nurse in the autumn, and when the Germans took the hospital they stood them up in a row — and shot them all. There were tears in his eyes when he told me.

July 5, 1915

Will you send out several dozen rubber air-rings — medium size — with a part of the money which was given me for the men. They are very much needed, as a lot were burned in the fire. Address to my ward, — Pavilion Everyman, — and the Belgian Soldiers' Committee will forward them by the Monday afternoon Admiralty boat. I am getting Mrs. W—— to send me out a lot of gauze and bandages, which are free, of course.

One hears rumors of a big offensive by the Allies about the middle of this month. And many say that La Panne has not too long a future. Who knows! Another rumor was that when they were shelling near here the last time, twelve battleships were at hand to take everybody away by sea. "On dit" that the reason we are n't shelled just now, as could so easily be, is because the German officer commanding near here is half-brother to the Queen of the Belgians. She comes often to the hospital.

July 7, 1915

Splendid news — I have received a draft for twenty pounds from the St. Timothy's Alumnæ, voted by them at the meeting at Baltimore. Will you cash it and send *ether* as soon as possible? — we are needing it so much. When your cable came yesterday afternoon, it was brought to me in the theatre — where I was holding down a patient, and steeped in blood — I could n't read it for ages. I don't describe any wounds, because one just could n't here — they are all too awful. I could n't ever tell what I have seen in the theatre here.

By luck I got a tiny little back room to myself — it is so small that no one else can be put into it, which is a joy. The wind is so high today that everything is covered with sand — my lap is full, sitting in my window writing.

Things here have hummed for the last two days, and we

have been so very short-handed that we are all dead beat. Our head nurse is off ill today — simply overdone. The doctors knew how tired we were in our ward, for there was a big rush the week before I came — and they have not sent us any new patients this week until it was necessary. But now the rest of the hospital is full up, and we are getting a steady stream. The London training school sent thirty Belgian girls last night, and three were put into our ward today — which is a relief, saving us many steps. A new nurse came and I got relieved from my extra ten beds, thank goodness. Twenty are quite all I want, with such heavy cases. So many of the nurses don't speak even three words of French — I am acting as interpreter all day in my ward.

I have got such a nice new man — with a fractured arm — and yesterday afternoon Dr. H—— gave me the horrible jagged piece of shrapnel which came out of his wound.

Did I tell you about the little Seminarist — that means one who is training for the priesthood? He was very badly wounded, and they said he could n't live, when he was brought in a fortnight ago. But now he is very much alive and quite a character — clever and such a sense of humor — though nothing but skin and bone. The Seminarists act as stretcher-bearers at the front — and this lad went alone to a very dangerous spot, after a wounded man — and got his shoulder shot away. He had word yesterday

that he is to receive the Order of Leopold, which as a rule only officers get.

All the Canadians (whose day is July 1st) and all the Americans (for the Fourth) were invited two nights ago to the big salon and presented with flowers by the Belgians — Dr. Depage among the rest. There were speeches and cheers and so on. Yesterday afternoon Dr. Depage asked all us Americans to tea at his villa, to celebrate. He hardly spoke to any one. Madame Depage, you know, was lost in the Lusitania, and her grave is near the hospital, along the shore, on the sand dunes. The youngest boy passed tea and cakes yesterday — he is about twelve — a nice boy.

July 9, 1915

I was so tired yesterday, the Head Sister gave me an extra half-hour off duty. I could be spared, for yesterday was n't so bad as the two days before, which were awful. Oh, the work! and the operations! We had sixteen new cases in twenty-four hours, here in my ward. I don't know how long I 'll be able to stand it here unless they give us a little more time off. I hope I can rise to an emergency with the best, but I cannot go on day in, day out, week in, week out — especially as it is not necessary, now that we've got three new Belgian girls in our ward. Our Head Sister won't let them do a thing — not even take temperatures — though they've had six months' hospital training! She is

not a good organizer — and overtired — and the responsibility of such a big ward has got on her nerves. Two more Sisters are off today for illness. If I get *too* tired, I shall just stay off ill myself — it's the only way! — "A willing horse," etc. Oddly enough it is my *head* that is worse than my feet, and tomorrow I am going to wring a half-day out of the Head Sister if possible.

I forgot to tell you that we have two German patients. They are kept separate — in a two-bedded room in the big house — and when well they will be sent away as prisoners. One of the Sisters took me in to see them, and it gave me a strange feeling to think they were really Germans! One was very badly wounded and half asleep — quite a boy. But the other was sitting up in bed, and seemed to belong to a superior class of man. Such a sly face, though — he looked like an educated criminal. They are very well treated here.

Some of the new probationers are n't much good, I am sorry to say. They can't bandage, and are not allowed to take temperatures. I have to take all the temperatures, pulses, and respirations for half the ward, and I was at it hard just two hours, from 3 to 5, while they did little nothings-in-particular. I am sure they must know how, only the Head Sister dreads trusting them. I don't have time enough to even get out of the hospital gate! Furnes is only three miles — I long to go there, and my first half-

day I shall. One has to walk, but they say one is sure to get a lift — an ambulance or something passing.

Sunday, July 11, 1915

I am in bed with a bad throat, and can't eat much. I had it Friday morning, but went on duty as usual — we were extra busy — and I was on till 8 P.M. The little Seminarist said that I looked ill, and I told him he had "les yeux trop voyants." I was in bed yesterday all day — and thought I'd be better today, but I woke up a little worse if anything. Dr. H—— has been in this morning, and Sister Parsons (who was at Oldway) has been looking after me when she could.

Isolation Villa, July 14, 1915

If I came out here for experience I am certainly getting it! Not every one could be threatened with a diphtheritic throat, and display a rash which baffled all the doctors, and be carried on a stretcher to the Isolation Villa in the sand dunes — all within five miles of the trenches and within sound of the German guns! It has been amusing, and never, never shall I forget it! If it had n't been so awful, it would have been comical. When I wrote last I thought I was better, but my temperature went up to over 103, and they moved me into a private room in the big hospital, on Sister Parsons's floor. It seemed so odd to be

carried on a stretcher, just like the wounded going to an operation! There I had day and night nursing for the first time, and was thankful — but the next morning the doctor of that floor refused to keep me — with a rash and throat — and I was bundled off here to the Isolation Villa.

I have quite a nice room here — looking out on the sand dunes. One hears the guns constantly. Just outside there is a little guard-house, where the sand-dune sentries spend their time when off duty. It is rather amusing to see them march off to change the guard. There are only two nurses here. One is Sœur Marthe, the King and Queen's own trained nurse, to whom they are devoted. She is very nice, and so is the other one — a fat, cheery little soul, who has taken care of me. They all say that when I am able I must go straight away from here for a rest.

Always something from you each day — yesterday books, and today papers, etc. — just what I have wanted — thanks awfully. I had a letter yesterday from Dr. Hector Munro, which I must answer — asking whether we could take some one whom he recommends. He was just off for the front from the base hospital.

I feel weary and must stop.

Isolation Villa, July 15, 1915

Matron was pleased when the rubber air-rings came. She said that we need pyjamas and socks and bedroom

slippers, and she hopes you can send them. Dark pyjamas are best.

My nurse is a nice plump Belgian, very well "diplomée," and has worked under Dr. Depage and other well-known men. She is a real sunshine — anything rounder or more hideous than her face I have never seen, but so cheery and lovable. So I am well looked after. I may be able to travel by next Wednesday or Thursday. Matron says I must be well "remise" before attempting it.

July 16

Am getting on well, quite convalescing. Going to sit out in the garden today — the garden being, I suppose, a private corner of sand dune. I have n't seen it yet, as I arrived on a stretcher with my head covered up! From my window today I can see two what they call "ballons captifs" — which means balloons sent up for observation and secured. One, quite near, is French — and farther away along the coast-line is a Boche. They say there are five between here and Ypres today, and it means that an offensive of some sort is preparing. My nurse says the guns were loud at 5 this A.M., but I did n't hear them. Yesterday I both heard and saw the Boches shelling some French and British ships out at sea — it was all very close, and they nearly hit them once or twice. I crept out of bed to watch.

It has been fearfully hot — and I have longed for cold drinks. The flies here are rampant — in and out from one infectious case to another! And they wake me every morning crawling on my face. I am told the garbage stands uncovered. Could n't the Belgian Committee in London improve some of the unsanitary conditions here?

I can't tell you how much the condensed ether has been appreciated. Do write to C—— and D—— and the others who gave the money. Pyjamas are very much needed here — often the men can't have clean ones because there are n't any. For some reason I am not able to get a wire through to you — a new temporary rule — but Matron is going to try to send you one — with her list of what is needed. It is impossible to get at their individual wants, as at Oldway — the conditions here are so different.

Have you heard all the talk of the rush for Calais? I am told of a very good reason for our not being bombarded here — but I hardly think the censor would pass it, so I will tell you when we meet. Sister Vera writes beseeching me to leave here before the rush for Calais — she is really worried!

July 18

Up today and staggered over to the hospital to see Matron — feeling very shaky. Mrs. Knocker motored here today, to bring some wounded from her hut, but I

was out on the sands and could n't be found. She will be coming again tomorrow. Madame de Glos has been very kind to me, and asked me to stay at her villa to recuperate — but I am going to Sister Vera at Wimereux (Boulogne) as soon as I can travel. The ambulance takes me to Calais, and from there I go by train. They give one a military pass.

I hope I shall be able to get back here — it grows more doubtful every day about the future of La Panne. I should hate to get caught here to nurse Germans — quite possible, of course! One reason why we are not shelled here now is because if the Germans got this place the hospital would be very useful to them — and also, it is said, because La Panne is the military headquarters now, and so full of spies that it pays the Germans to leave it.

Mrs. G—— has just been to see me. She and Miss F—— are doing refugee work now, in their villa near here. She says it is very interesting, but heart-breaking. They have several little Belgian children living with them now.

July 19, 1915

There was a big review on the beach this morning, preparatory to the celebration which is to be on Wednesday — Belgium's national day. I have just been photographing the little Crown Prince, who became very shy. He is only thirteen and a half, and is a sergeant! You see I am able

to toddle about a little. Through being ill I missed the visit of King Albert to decorate my little Seminarist with the Order of Leopold.

I went to the ward to say good-bye to my patients. The big six-footer you asked about did not lose his arm — he was up and walking about today. I wrote a letter for him before I was ill, to his aunt in England, as his mother is in Ghent and could not be reached. The aunt's address sounded like "Cad*eef*, Soot Wallis." Can you guess what I finally discovered he meant — Cardiff, South Wales!

Am starting tomorrow — must get off then, as there will not be another chance for a week.

Wimereux [*Boulogne*], *July* 21, 1915.

I arrived here yesterday about 3 o'clock, after oh, such a journey! We left La Panne at 7.30 A.M., five of us, and motored to Calais. The run was awfully interesting — very front-like — and we saw quite a bit of poor battered Dunkirk, which I had missed in the dark, coming. At Calais I had to engineer the whole party, as no one spoke French, and there was red tape in getting our passports viséd. Then to Boulogne by train, and out here. I found Sister Vera with her bag packed, waiting for her permit to get to me at La Panne! I have a nice room, three minutes' walk from her hospital, over a tiny café, run by Veuve Briche and her little maid — with excellent food, but ap-

palling war prices. The air is splendid, and I am so looking forward to sitting about on the rocks and doing nothing. As for returning to La Panne, Matron gave me only two weeks' leave — but every one else told me that a month or six weeks was the least I ought to have after such an illness — and I shall write her. Evidently I managed to put up a very good bluff, and to deceive even you at first!

Wimereux, July 24, 1915

They let me travel too soon — and I collapsed into bed again as soon as I got here. Sister Vera has been taking care of me — she can't get over my narrow escape! It is slow work — and I can take only the shortest walks as yet — ten or fifteen minutes. Luckily she can be spared to look after me, as all the hospitals about here have been cleared of patients in preparation for the rush for Calais.

I do wish you could come — but you could n't possibly get to Boulogne — you know how strict they are — civilians and Americans are allowed to land only in Dieppe. All Americans are suspected now of being spies.

Everything here is far more strictly censored than at La Panne, where the letters we wrote were seldom opened, but were held back three or four days until any information in them would be no longer valuable. Here they are all opened. And no photographs may be taken — all doctors

and nurses, as well as the army, have had lately to sign a paper stating that they have sent their kodaks home.

Matron has written from La Panne that she wants Sister Vera and me — and in that case Vera would probably be head of a ward. Although she is only my age, she has done nursing for eight or nine years, and has been a Matron. Everybody in her hospital has been most kind ever since I came, and she was given extra time off, to be with me. If I go back to La Panne, Matron says I shall probably work in the big house.

The Secretary of the Depage Hospital has acknowledged the receipt of your second shipment of condensed ether, and of one hundred pyjama suits and one hundred and fifty pairs of socks and bed-slippers. Mrs. C—— sent out from Suffolk two splendid crates of miscellaneous dressings to my pavilion. And I have received £65 more to be spent for the men!

Wimereux, July 26, 1915

Sister Vera is resigning from her hospital, and I find that it is on my account, in order to take me to England. To tell the honest truth, my case seems to have been rather misunderstood at La Panne. Here the opinion is that what I really had was something serious — on account of complications which have since appeared.[1]

[1] Illness diagnosed later by London physicians as scarlet fever. (*Editor's Note.*)

Wimereux, August 1, 1915

It certainly was good to see you — never shall I forget my feelings when you appeared in the door!! I am so glad that you have had a glimpse of things over here. Captain T—— was sorry to have missed you — and wondered how you ever had the luck to get your forty-eight-hour "autorisation spéciale"!

Shall be able to follow with Vera in a few days now.

Au revoir —

MARY.

III. PSYCHO-ANALYSIS

London, November 9, 1916

DEAREST MOTHER:—

It is just a month today since I began my course at the Clinic.[1] The lectures are even stiffer than I expected — but so interesting it is worth the hard work. It is curious to think that a year ago I had never heard of Applied Psychology — and now I would not go back to nursing for worlds! I am awfully looking forward to having patients of my own — Dr. Murray thinks I can by Christmas-time.

Some of our lectures have been on "The Psychology of the First Five Years." One subject was "The Subnormal Child" — another "The Psychology of Children's Misdemeanors."

The fundamental cause of war-shock goes back to childhood. The reason why one man gets it and another, under the same conditions, does n't, is owing to some streak of weakness in the subconsciousness, dating back to conditions of early infancy. Our doctors are not expecting to attempt a complete cure for every war-shock patient who comes to the Clinic — that would involve a course of thorough-going analysis, which would take too long. In many cases it is much better to do a temporary cure in a quick way — and unless the previous causes of war-shock

[1] Medico-Psychological Clinic.

are renewed, it may prove a permanent cure. You understand that the cases of war-shock we shall deal with will often be men who have never been wounded.

Dr. Stoddart lectured on the Neuropathic Patient the other day. We are having a course on the "Psychology of the Subconscious" and one on "Normal Psychology," from reflexes and sensori-motor arcs to the measurement of mental ability, etc., and the relation of Social Psychology to Individual Psychology. Also some lectures by Dr. Mackintosh on "Type and Temperament" and "Heredity."

The need of Applied Psychology is being more and more recognized here. Even last spring, at a meeting arranged by Lady Campbell for the members of the British Women's Patriotic League — Lord Montagu of Beaulieu discussed the psychology of the airman most interestingly, I was told. He was one of the important members of the new Air Board, you know. He said that a wounded soldier is far easier to cure than a flying man with shell-shock.

We have some very distinguished doctors on the Staff at the Clinic. I enclose a list. They all give their services, of course: —

Medical Staff

H. G. Adamson, M.D., F.R.C.P.
W. E. M. Armstrong, M.A., M.D.
Geo. W. Badgerow, M.B., F.R.C.S.
Maud M. Chadburn, M.D., B.S.

Hilda Clark, M.B., B.S.
*Ivo Geikie Cobb, M.D. (Brux), M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.
Charles Gibbs, F.R.C.S.
Alfred Charles Jordan, B.A., M.D., B.C.
Frank A. Juler, M.A., M.B., B.C., F.R.C.S.
A. N. Leathem, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.
Wm. McDougall, M.A., M.B., F.R.S.
*Hector Munro, M.B., C.M.
*Jessie M. Murray, M.B., B.S.
C. S. Myers, M.A., M.D., D.Sc., F.R.S.
Agnes Savill, M.A., M.D., M.R.C.P.
*W. H. B. Stoddart, M.D., F.R.C.P.

Dental Surgeons

T. H. Vaughan, L.D.S., R.C.S. (Eng.)
G. J. Harborow, L.D.S., R.C.S. (Eng.)

* Acting Staff.

November 25, 1916

All well here — studying like mad. Am sorry for my delay in inquiring about a soldier for Josephine. I went yesterday, and can now report. First of all — tell her that really there are no lonely soldiers now. There are clubs, and everything is systematized. And people who had a "lonely soldier" have found they were one of several writing to him! Also people have found the lonely soldier often ceased writing letters, and only acknowledged their

letters and gifts with a post-card — which seemed to indicate being no longer so lonely! I did n't go to the Fairy Godmothers' League — is n't the name enough to put one off — this is no time for sentiment! And I did n't want to advise Josephine to waste her time and energy on something not really needed. Dr. C——, of the R.A.M.C., told me that when he was out at the front a man in his regiment advertised as a lonely soldier, as a joke, and Dr. C—— said that hundreds of answers came from girls. The man was a rotter, and when Dr. C—— overheard him joking about it, he made him sit down and answer every letter!

December 20, 1916

No. 34 is being prepared for shell-shock. It is almost next door to the Clinic, and is to be opened as soon as it can be got ready. It will be filled up at once with civilians while waiting for War Office recognition. There will be much delay, and red tape, before getting official authorization. We are fortunate to get a house so near the Clinic — as many of the patients cannot come alone for their (generally) daily treatments. Our dream is to get the intermediate houses also, and open them all up into one.

January 14, 1917

We had our examinations last week, and our marks have just been posted. I passed in everything, and came

second of the first-term students in Normal Psychology, third in Abnormal Psychology. The Biology course was not so directly in relation to Psychology as was intended — they could not get the lecturer they wanted, on account of the war. So I put more work into the other courses. Dr. Murray said they were more important, and not to worry if I did n't pass in Biology — but as you see, I managed to. I do not mean that Biology is n't important for us — it is — but a lot which the lecturer gave us was not connected with our work, and not important for *us*. I enclose the syllabus for next term, — also for the summer term, which is less study and more patients.

No. 34 is to be opened the first week in March — thrilling! — we are needing it so much.

I have three patients now at the Clinic. Also a private case which I am taking under Dr. Murray. She comes to me two days a week here in Dover Street, at my room in the Club. She asked me last time if I would lunch and go to a play with her — and of course I said, No, that we never go out with patients (!!) She is getting on well. I am to have a shell-shock case soon — loss of memory — three cheers!

I go now to Dr. Murray twice a week for my own analysis, which I want to get through as much as is possible this winter. Otherwise things would come cropping up later. Also it is very helpful to me to see her in connec-

tion with my patients. Every student has to be analyzed before being allowed to become an analyst. No amount of study can take the place of it — it is a necessary part of the course.

Here is a part of the parody I wrote on Analysis: —

'T is the wail of "Subconscious,"
I hear it declare —
"You've repressed me too long,
"To expand I don't dare.
"I 'm accustomed to knots,
"All tied up in a ball —
"To expand is too painful,
"I don't want to *at all.*"

The things that have been
Are buried so deep —
'T was a surgeon's job
(Through hypnotized sleep) —
But now there's another
And better way —
One sits in a chair
And talks all day.

Cheer up, Subconscious,
And let yourself go —
You'll soon be looser
Down there below.

Just tell all you know,
And a lot beside —
Never mind if you're sick
And sorely tried.

Just pour it out
In the Analyst's ear —
What looked so hopeless,
She can make clear.

. . . . . .

'T is the Analyst's voice —
I hear her say,
"And now you *must* go.
That's enough for to-day."

Sister Vera is on night duty in Sister Agnes Keyser's Hospital for officers (King Edward VII's), and I see her about once a week. She has been converted to analysis! Is being analyzed herself — and a new person already. Her husband is in France in a very dangerous station, operating under shell-fire. He had his hypodermic needle shot out of his hand, and received the Military Cross for bringing in wounded from No Man's Land in broad daylight.

January 25, 1917

I have six patients now — an awful lot, more than any other student, but it is splendid, and I shall keep them

all if I can. Some of them come daily, and some only two or three times a week. It may be too much, but I shall have a good try. Dr. Murray has an eye on me, and don't worry. One is a case of Gallipoli shell-shock — complete loss of memory — such a nice boy, only twenty-one.

February 8, 1917

There is such a lot to answer in yours — and I must hurry, as I ought to be studying. Don't worry, I get plenty of food — with this work one requires large quantities of nourishment! I can't go out much, as I have so few afternoons or evenings free. Wednesday is my only evening, and every afternoon is full up except Saturday, when I have a lot to do, and sometimes go to the country.

My Gallipoli boy is getting on. *Very, very* slowly — the treatment has hardly begun yet — but his sister said yesterday that he seems a little better. She volunteered the remark. I have been trying the word-reaction tests with him — and got exactly the results I knew I would. I made up the lists of words, with words sandwiched in which have to do with his Gallipoli experiences. At any word, such as *rifle, sand, ship, waves, bugle, tent, shells*, etc., there is no reaction-word at all — his mind is a dead blank. It will be interesting to compare these results with the later ones. A friend offered to fetch him to the Clinic once or

twice a week — to save his sister who has to come with him every day, and has a family of young children.

I am lunching today with M——. As a rule I can't lunch with any one, but today my first patient is my private case who comes to me here at 2. Then at the Clinic I have patients straight on from 3.30 to 7 — one from 7.15 to 8 — and one from 8 to 9. On a day like that I sleep later in the morning, and have a good lunch, and an egg with my tea at 5, as the Tommies do! Then a cold supper when I get home. And thus I keep well — it's a glorious life and I love it. The last patient, from 8 to 9 tonight, is not really mine, but one of the head analyst's. She is trying him tentatively on different students to see who does best with him. This is the third time I have had him, and I hope it means I am doing well with him — or rather, he with me.

February 18, 1917

There is n't much news, except that I am pegging away hard and love it. I have six patients at the Clinic, and all goes well. I may be going to have one more new patient soon. Today I lunched with Pia Digby, to meet her cousin, who was badly wounded and is now at the War Office — very interested in psycho-analysis.

On Wednesday I had to arrange for a shell-shock case to be brought from his hospital. He shook all over, like

nothing on earth — and could n't stand without crutches. I got R—— to fetch him to the Clinic, and take him back. He may be going to have treatment from Dr. Hector Munro, with me there to take notes. It will be at his own hospital, as it is too difficult to transport him. All petrol is now being requisitioned for war work. Sugar is very scarce, otherwise things go on much as usual.

February 28, 1917

I am working awfully hard, analyzing sixteen hours a week — apart from the lectures and study. Am very well, and starting now to coach for the exams, two hours a week — so as not to get in a rush at the last. I have lost my shell-shock case temporarily, as there is a hitch about his coming so far every day, and his sister, who brought him, has had to go to work. But when No. 34 opens, we shall be able to have him there. One of my new private cases who comes to me is a nurse.

Another, a Clinic case, is an hysterical girl who is on night duty, making munitions, but has got permission to be an hour late on the days she comes to me at the Clinic. As a child she was frightened by a brother dressing in a sheet and jumping out on her — she twists her face, poor girl, and shoots her eyes in different directions, and quarrels constantly with all her friends. Her "boy" went down on H.M.S. Queen Mary, but now she has another! — and

told me that he does not know about her being hysterical. She is living in Grace M——'s hostel, and was brought by her to the Clinic. It will be a long case, but the girl seems keen to go on with the treatment.

We had to write a paper last week on Reflex Action, Instinct, and Intelligence — explaining them and tracing the gradations. I got 8 out of 10.

March 8, 1917

The girl whom Grace brought to the Clinic, and who is my patient, has got diphtheria, poor girl. She is in hospital.

No. 34 is nearly ready. All the furniture is going in — such a nice plain style of things in imitation old oak. I have already arranged for one patient of mine to come and live there — one who needs to be near. He is so intelligent and getting on so splendidly. He was in very bad home conditions. One is always having to help one's patients in those ways — by advice and interest in their conditions, as well as by actual treatment. One patient I have, only twice a week, who did not want analysis — was very set against it and came to me just for talks — but is now edging round towards it, wanting to have analysis and not liking to say so!

March 18, 1917

I am very weary, as I have spent most of this golden Sunday afternoon wrestling with the chemical processes of digestion — not to mention the nervous and chemical control of respiration and circulation! Ah, me, what a life it is, to go back to school at my age! And this is harder than school, it's more like college. If you could see my notebooks you'd believe that this is an "exact science" all right!! The subject of the paper you asked about was "Condensation and Displacement," which are two forms of distortion. Other dream processes, if they interest you, are presentability — also identification, dramatization, plastic representation, symbolization, and secondary elaboration. Other expressions connected with the structure of dreams are the common mean and overdetermination. Of course we don't use them in work with our patients!

March 28, 1917

They say food will soon be very scarce. We rarely see a potato — sugar very limited — meatless days, etc. I am going to stand G——'s munition girls a fresh-egg treat at Easter. They love eggs, and they're so good for them. I had tea at her hostel today. She is running it so well — and doing such splendid work.

April 5, 1917

Have just heard — I came second in Physiology, out of the first and second-year students — and third in Normal Psychology, third out of first-year, fourth out of all. I enclose the questions for our examination papers — what do you think of them? I am going to the D——s for the week-end.

F——, Sussex, April 15, 1917

I came down on Wednesday, in great need of rest. It is perfect to be here — so near the Sussex Downs — with nothing to do, no engagements, and no brain work.

Much as I want to tell you more about the Clinic work and our cases, I can't bring myself to write letters yet. I will later on try to write out a sort of sketch of what the treatment really is. But I can talk about it better than I can write. It is rather like surgery — without the sudden nerve-shock of a surgical operation. The surgeon when he operates knows exactly what he is going to find — what organs, and where and how they should be, and how any abnormal conditions should be put right. In psycho-analysis, which is mental surgery, we know in very much the same way. But while the principle is always the same, and everybody's mind (unconscious mind, I mean) works and reacts on exactly the same lines — be he plough-boy or philosopher — in another sense no two minds are alike,

which makes the work extraordinarily fascinating. A great difference is that in surgery the patient does nothing, is not even conscious, and in psycho-analysis the patient must coöperate and understand every step of the way — or there could be no cure. I am talking of the work in general, and analysis in general — not of shell-shock treatment in particular. But it applies to all, of course. Our doctors keep records of all the cases, so that other doctors may see them — and investigate. We have some very well-known names on our list. Our Dr. S—— was a well-known neurologist before he took up psychology. He went back this winter to help in the big London hospital where he had trained, which was short-handed owing to the war. And he says that it was extraordinary to see — in the light of what he now knows through analysis — how many of the cases there were mental not organic. You understand that by that I mean the symptoms physical, but the (*unconscious*) cause mental, not organic.

Lady Campbell asked me to tea on Easter afternoon, and I went. She is, of course, greatly thrilled over our coming into the war, and thinks you were lucky to be there and see it — a historic time! I feel very jealous — you have scored over me! We are going on Friday to the service at St. Paul's in honor of it.

London, April 20, 1917

The celebration at St. Paul's this morning was most thrilling and impressive. You will, of course, have read all about it in the papers. We were halfway up the nave, so got the wonderful general effect of the whole service. The singing of our "Star-Spangled Banner" was very dramatic. After it was over we stood outside on the steps — almost the only people who got out before they closed the doors to keep everybody in! — and had a splendid view of the King and Queen, Princess Mary, the Lord Mayor, and other bigwigs, going away. It was a glorious day — bright sun — and the crowd was enormous — every window filled — and moving-picture machines grinding away, in which I dare say we shall appear. Look out for my new eighteen-bob spring hat!

I have agreed to take on the secretaryship of the League connected with our Clinic — a League started in order to provide things needed by the Clinic patients, very much on the lines of my work of providing an escort to fetch shell-shock Tommies. But this is for the civilian patients as well. The members of the League offer motor-drives, or a little outing, movies and tea, or books, or the use of a piano, and dozens of such-like things. The secretary has to keep account of the demand and the supply. If a patient is too much alone, and needs cheering, the doctor or analyst tells the secretary, and she, using discrimination, applies

to a member of the League who has offered tea or movies or a concert or a drive, and connects the two. These things are just now very much restricted by the war. All we can actually do now is to raise money for helping patients with the necessities. It means a bit of letter-writing, and I may have to hire a stenographer. I can do it easily this spring — but will pass it on if it's too much next winter.

April 24, 1917

We have had our marks for the examination on "Instincts in Animals and Man." Question No. 6 — on Cyril Burt's two lectures — was given us by him, and our papers sent to him to be marked. The question was not easy — "Describe the part played by the Emotions in the formation of individual character" — and it represents awfully hard work for me, for I'm not used to study, like the others in the class. I got the second highest mark on this question of Cyril Burt's — but not on the whole exam.

We can't talk much about M—— Hospital now, for the young enterprising up-to-date doctor who did analysis there has gone to the front. You remember the shell-shock cures done at M—— last year. The elderly nerve-specialist now in command does not understand or approve of analysis! He says, give shell-shock cases manual work — excellent, of course, but hardly to be compared with a fundamental cure.

People complain that analysis is slow — but why not? — Nature is slow. Surgery swoops in and cuts — but a delicate organism like the mind requires a different treatment. Analysis is not always so slow — it depends upon the unconscious conditions, and also on the natural intelligence of the patient. Education is, of course, a help, but the more *naturally* psychological the mind, the quicker the progress.

Lots of cases are suffering from general "nerves," and perhaps a phobia of some sort, fear of dark, or crowds, or open places, or being locked in, or falling down stairs, etc. Besides being cured of that, they acquire a far better attitude towards life in general, and much more energy. That's one of the big things analysis does — releases energy from the unconscious where it has been tied up, unavailable for daily use. And they learn to "sublimate" that energy into some useful channel — or work.

I have a new case — was sent for today to start it — an awfully good case — can't walk and shakes all over — could n't have treatment until No. 34 was open. Will tell you more about it later.

May 5, 1917

No. 34 is simply *lovely* — you ought to see how charming it is — full up — and there is a waiting list. We already need another house and hope to have one later. I

could not get my Gallipoli case in at No. 34, to go on with his treatment, which had to stop because he lives so far away. A pound a week would pay his board at No. 34, and he could have daily treatments at the Clinic. It was a pity for him to stop — for his family said he was already better, even after so short a time.

Of course, no one is interested these days in anything but soldiers — and it's hard sometimes on our poor civilian patients! A serious case at the Clinic is a girl who takes bromides and veronal. The League is paying her board at No. 34 for a month, while she has treatment daily from Dr. Hector Munro. Such a nice girl — but mad with nerves and the phobia that she can't stand closed-in rooms unless heavily drugged — "claustrophobia," it is called. Another nice girl, one of my new patients, is living at No. 34 — I forget whether I wrote you about her. It is "conversion hysteria" — called that because the trouble is converted from mental into physical symptoms. It will be more interesting when I can report an improvement. She is quite young, married to an interned German — enough to upset any one!

Did I tell you of the patient who had (apparent) Graves' Disease — weighed two hundred pounds, and had the staring eyes, quick pulse, and other symptoms? It was supposed to be organic, but after trying analysis at the Clinic, in four and a half months the patient was weighing

one hundred and sixty pounds, eyes and pulse normal, and was back at work, bursting with spirits and energy.

May 19, 1917

I have four hours of work every afternoon at the Clinic — except on Tuesday afternoon, when so far I have only two. My Saturday afternoon and Sunday are my only real rest — and I can't be going away every week-end. It's too tiring, especially as traveling now is not what it used to be — few trains, very crowded always and slow. Three of my patients have been in very difficult stages — which takes it out of one.

Food is very limited now. One gets enough — *plenty* — but very little sugar, and other things strictly limited. I am trying the secretaryship of the League for at least six months. I doubt if I can carry it on next winter, for the Clinic work will be much harder than this year. They are raising the standard, and intend it to be a three-year, instead of a two-year course!

Thrilling things are in the air, to do with shell-shock and the Clinic (shell-shock cases discharged from the army unfit for service). Nothing can be done or decided until after Whitsunday, and if anything happens I will then tell you all — otherwise I will save my breath, as it's only interesting if it comes off! I hope and pray it will.

May 30, 1917

I had a much-needed rest over Whitsunday. Visiting is quite different now from in peace times! — very few servants, and such simple food. No pleasure motoring — and the driveways and stable-yards all weeds! Lawns cut only close to the house, etc. In other words, no frills!

I forgot to say I've been having more analysis from Dr. Jessie Murray, about twice a week, and am now nearing the end. It is a great help in doing my practical work. The head analyst said to one of the doctors that both Mrs. P—— and I, who are farther on than the others in our own analysis, show the result and benefit of it in our work. Several of your friends have said how evidently my work is agreeing with me — and to tell you how well I look.

I have been elected "rep." — which means "students' representative." All complaints are brought to me, and I represent our interests and point of view to the Heads. Not an easy job for the go-between, I foresee!

It is very nice that Dr. L—— and other American doctors are to pass through London. I should like them to take up our work as a branch of their own — they'll need to — it is coming in more and more.

June 6, 1917

Much has been happening. Lady C—— has given Dr. Murray, through me, an introduction to Mrs. Parker,

who asked her to lunch. Then Dr. M. asked Mrs. P. to lunch at No. 34, to see it and the Clinic — she came yesterday — and saw it all — and loved it. This starts the machinery, as the point of Mrs. Parker's coming is that she, with Sir Frederic Milner, is at the head of an association in memory of Lord Kitchener, for providing for shell-shock. Money has been promised us, and a place in the country as soon as we can secure the men — but you know what awful red tape there is. Mrs. Parker is just the person to send us men, and she is going to consult with Sir Frederic, who is President of the Association. As soon as the men are sure, Dr. Hector Munro can get money, also the farm which has been offered. So everything is booming!

Your cable came yesterday — and we will put my Gallipoli boy into No. 34. They find the men can't be boarded under two pounds a week — as food has gone up so much.

I have a new patient this week — a discharged Tommy. He had four months of analysis last year, was better and had eight or nine months in the army, and is now discharged. Analysis helped him so much that he has come back to finish — his trouble is lack of concentration and poor memory.

More money is needed for No. 33 — the house adjoining 34 — to be used for shell-shock in connection with the farm near London, where there are work-shops. The farm

has been offered free — in case we can get money to run it in connection with the house in town. The work-shops will be just the thing for shell-shock! If we don't get the money soon — we shall lose No. 33, I am afraid. There is to be an Anglo-American Fund, which is starting already.

June 12, 1917

It is not easy to find time to write. I 'm at the Clinic every day from 2 or 2.30 on, and if I am late, starting late means late all the rest of the day, for my patients dovetail in one after the other. Sometimes I can reserve fifteen minutes for tea if a patient can be dismissed promptly at 4.15, and the next one comes at 4.30, but more often I can only snatch a cup on the run.

I am busy over the League, straightening out and sorting things — and the little assistant secretary at the Clinic is delighted to do any typewriting whatever for me. The financial part passes through my hands too. Mrs. Stoddart, wife of Dr. S., is our treasurer. Will you join the League? — of course you will! And I shall put you down for ten shillings a year, as it takes too long to wait and hear from you. I want K—— and S—— to join too, and will write to them. The lowest is two shillings a year, but most people pay more. Small amounts help.

There were fifty-four treatments given at the Clinic in one day, last week. It 's growing fast.

There are two shell-shock cases who are both simply new men. One, an ex-officer, had constant ideas of suicide and took no interest in anything — and now is keen about things, and trying to buck up other men at the Ex-Officers' Club, where he lives. When he finishes his treatment, he will probably join up again. A second case of shell-shock is a man who had a suicidal mania — and also the fear of strangling his wife. He is so much better that he has gone back, and cannot continue his treatment at present. That's the trouble with so many — they have to work as soon as they're better and feel they can. A third is an ex-Tommy who has neurasthenia.

My patient who could n't walk is much better — shuffles along with a stick, and has lost other symptoms altogether — is so happy about it.

June 20, 1917

This is a hectic letter, written at midnight for the early post. Good news — a man has guaranteed us some money, enough to take on No. 33. Of course that's only a beginning — money is needed to staff it and run it. The house is furnished and ready to move into. The man who is giving the money has given before to the Clinic, and helped it on a lot at the start. There's a hitch about some kink in the lease, but it is to be settled tomorrow, and unless that one detail proves unsurmountable, all is well.

I 've barely heard the gist of it all, in a hurry — we are so thrilled! No. 32 would do equally well, but would cost much more, etc.

It's just as safe to go to America for my holiday as to stay — for London is n't going to be a haven of safety this summer. Did I write you that I was in the last raid? Four planes went directly over the Clinic — we could see them, and hear the engines and bombs and guns. I was n't a bit frightened at the time, but felt it afterwards. And for a few days at every noise in the distance, I thought "it's a raid" — a horrid jumpy feeling!

I was lunching with G—— and S——, and they tackled me on looking thin — as if I did n't eat enough! Of course I do — but one can't always get all one could eat, by any means!

June 26, 1917

I am back from the week-end in Sussex, where they fed me up marvellously with all the delicacies — I really was hungry!! We could hear the guns in France distinctly all night — a push was on — and one night they almost kept me awake, not the noise, of course, but the sort of vibration. Some places near by in Sussex don't hear it, and others do.

Many thanks for the posters which I loved seeing. I have given them to Mrs. Stuart Wilson, as she has some American Tommies to visit, who enjoy them.

Two hundred pounds or more is promised for No. 33. An Admiral's wife, friend of Dr. Hector Munro, is so interested in our work she is going to try to get her husband to send us naval shell-shock cases. But it is all held up by red tape.

The League is having such a lot of expenses that it is getting very low in funds. After paying four pounds for an invalid chair for two Clinic patients who can't walk (the kind of chair adapted for going up and down stairs), we shall have just thirty-three shillings left — is n't it sad! I have got in sixteen new members already — one of whom gave a guinea. The League is paying partial board at No. 34 for three patients who need to be there, as their home conditions are bad — and they cannot pay entirely themselves. We are concocting a letter now, to be sent out when we see what can be said about the new house, No. 33.

Mr. Balfour has given his name to our Clinic as a patron — is n't it splendid! Cecil Dormer had talked with him about it while they were in America — he is Mr. B——'s private secretary, you know. Lady Glenconner is having a drawing-room this week, at which Dr. Stoddart and Dr. Jessie Murray and others are to speak. No. 34 has helped on our work a lot; it is so charming and every one who sees it approves of our methods. Nothing succeeds like success, does it?

July 8, 1917

I was in the thick of the raid yesterday — here in Dover Street they went directly overhead — and it was rather ghastly, hearing the bombs coming nearer and nearer, and knowing the horrors they must be causing — and wondering if one's self would be the next. I was nearly dressed, and when I saw the street clearing rapidly of people, every one going under cover, I thought I'd better go down. Just then the Secretary of the Club knocked at my door, and said, "There's a whole fleet overhead, you'd better go to the cellar." I had an absurd feeling of wanting to pin my collar and cuffs properly, but I solemnly collected a few valuables and went down, hating to think that if my room were smashed I might lose all my notes and books, and all the accessories of my work! I found a lot of people in the lower hall, and I did n't see a sign of nerves or fright in any one, though a few looked white. I don't know how I looked, but I felt white — and tired afterwards. It is so awful to think that other people are getting killed or hurt, even if you are n't yourself. Soon it was all over, and every one scattered. One aeroplane looked like a silver butterfly in the air — with the sun on it. There were twenty or thirty, but they were too directly overhead — and the roof and glare of the sun prevented our seeing them well. J—— D——'s baby was in the Park with his nurse, and the concussion of the anti-aircraft guns

blew his pram over twice before the nurse could get him away. She took refuge in a house in Park Lane, and had a heart attack! The worst of the raids is that after you've been in one or two, you are always thinking you hear another!

July 21, 1917

There are guns going tonight — distant ones — I often hear them here in my room. There's a b-oo-m now! — it's extraordinary how guns in France are heard here so distinctly, in parts of London.

One evening I arrived late — after the week-end at M——, about midnight, as our train got in very late — and a lot of men were lined up, half filling the huge station, just off to the front. It made me feel very choky — no bands or fuss — just silence.

I have been more busy than you can think — what with all my patients, and the exam just over, and League work. I had intended to go away for this week-end, but I simply could n't face the train journey. Am very tired after the exam, and must have a quiet Sunday.

The exam was very difficult — but interesting, and I almost enjoyed it. We had all-embracing questions such as: "In what sense, if any, do you consider it justifiable to speak of unconscious mental life?" A whacking one, for it entailed a long discussion of the theories of such men as

Bergson, Locke, James, Descartes, Schopenhauer, Hartmann, Herbart, Fechner, etc., etc. — not in detail, very superficially, of course — tracing how they came to recognize the existence of the unconscious mental processes.

Then, "In what ways is it possible to demonstrate experimentally the existence of unconscious mental processes?" That was a whacker too, entailing an account of discoveries made through hypnosis, Janet's theories and experiments on hysteria, and so on — working up to Brewer's and Freud's discoveries, their theories of dissociation, and their introduction of the "cathartic" method — the beginning of psycho-analysis. Another was, "To what extent and in what ways is it possible to regard various forms of mental disease as 'regressions' to an earlier stage of mental development?" And another, "In what ways is the study of mythology of use in abnormal psychology?"

These will give you an idea!

Nothing has materialized yet out of Mrs. Parker's visit. But as soon as we really get No. 33 we shall let her know.

Sunday July 22, 1917

The Clinic has given more than thirty-six hundred consultations and treatments in six months — not bad, is it? Of course a lot of doctors on our Staff are now at the front, you know.

I find that I could go home to America — and our Em-

bassy says there's no doubt about my being able to return here to my work. As for U-boats or air-raids, it's six of one, half a dozen of the other! I think I'd better *not* go. I would n't hesitate if there were any real need, but it's different when one goes only for pleasure. Dr. Murray says I must take a two-months holiday — to be fresh for the autumn. So I am going to have a fortnight now, and the whole month of September. G—— and I are taking a house for a fortnight — from next Friday — a charming cottage (near Southampton) belonging to Mrs. Y——, with gardens, sea-bathing, sleeping-porch, pony and trap, etc. Mrs. B—— will be there with us, and her husband, who is due on leave from France. It will be very nice. The Y——s are away for only a fortnight — and they let to us because we are weary war-workers!

Another air-raid this morning, which woke me at 8.30. They were driven off quickly — and the noise only lasted about ten minutes.

We've taken over No. 33 — but can't have possession until the autumn. At present it is empty, awaiting a thorough cleaning. Mrs. Fisher Unwin came to see it all a few days ago, and Dr. Murray had me take her over No. 34. She is wife of the publisher — and has offered us a place in Sussex for the duration of the war, for war-shock. But it may be too inaccessible — just as the farm and workshops turned out to be — in these times with no motors or

petrol! Three country places have been offered us in all — but all too far from London. And, besides, we must get No. 33 going before taking on more expense. We can and must get a house and grounds given us — nearer London.

The Clinic is sending out a circular announcing our "Proposed Immediate Extension" for ex-sailors and soldiers — including three houses directly adjoining the Clinic in Brunswick Square and a house and grounds for convalescence in the environs of London. The appeal is for £25,000. These are some of the grounds for making the appeal: —

1. Many nervous disabilities are covered by the term "war-shock," and the methods of the ordinary hospital are of little or no avail in these cases.

2. If retained in hospitals, notwithstanding the small amount of benefit they receive, they occupy valuable space urgently needed for medical and surgical cases.

3. The Medico-Psychological Clinic provides the treatment they require. In its resources are included the Medical, Electrical, and Physical equipment used in other institutions for treatment of nervous cases. It is at present the only Institution in this country offering the modern psychological treatment, which is available only in a few of the army hospitals — etc., etc.

August 15, 1917

Today our Sammies marched through London. It was thrilling to see the American and British flags flying in celebration.

What do you suppose I am starting! — coaching in mathematics, as there is no study now, and I have a month before I go away again for a rest before the new term opens (on October 9). There is a splendid coach, a cured ex-patient of the Clinic — and luckily she is n't too busy now to take me three times a week. I am working at the Clinic as usual, from 2.30 till about 7 every day.

I added up today that I have collected over £33 for the League since I became Honorary Secretary — and it has been largely in half-crowns and five shillings. It's really only half-a-crown to join, though many give five shillings. If you will tell people, more might join. Mrs. H—— W—— has just sent me a big subscription.

I am very pleased that among the responses to the letters I sent out, there has come a five-pound check for the Clinic from a Matron of a London War Hospital (an Honorary Matron for during the war), with a charming letter saying she felt so strongly the need for the proper treatment of war-shock that she would like to help in the extension of our work. She and I have exchanged several letters since, and she is coming tomorrow to see the Clinic, and bringing her Sister-in-charge with her. I have arranged an appoint-

ment for her with one of the doctors. She wrote that her experience has shown her that the men need continued treatment, not the "month's rest and tonic" that is so often considered adequate! She will be pleased with the Clinic, for we do just what she is looking for.

We now have one of the Bishops of the Church of England as a patron, and hope to have Cardinal Bourne, who knows one of our Staff.

Here is our list of patrons up to date: —

The Rt. Honble. Arthur Balfour, M.P., Lord Glenconner, Lady Glenconner, Lord Leconfield, The Dowager Lady Leconfield, Lady Sutherland, The Countess of Wemyss, His Grace the Duke of Westminster, The Rt. Rev. The Bishop of Winchester, The Countess of Yarborough.

You ask about American war-shock. I don't know whether any will be treated in England. Mr. X—— of the Embassy told me one day that none of our wounded are to come to England at all — so I imagine what he said covers war-shock as well.

August 19, 1917

My patients are getting on splendidly. The one who could n't walk shuffles now with positive agility, and is greatly pleased with analysis. I have a new patient as well, who started two days ago. I get perfectly good food,

so you are not to worry! I have malted tablets with me at the Clinic, in case of need.

London is lovely now, sunny and cool, unusual weather for August — everything pretty empty, as people who can are away, if only for a week or two.

Dined with R—— at the Berkeley the other night — a highly camouflaged dinner — as expensive as ever and nothing to eat.

August 30, 1917

As for a description of our work "which could be grasped by the lay mind," there is no such thing — so I take good care not to write one! Nobody can understand it until they've experienced it — that's why every one must be analyzed before they can become analysts. People think that to read the literature on psycho-analysis is enough to enable them to judge of it. They write profound criticisms which are of very little value, and the youngest student at our Clinic who has undergone analysis knows more about it than they do!

One reason why Freud has been so criticized is because he says comparatively little of *sublimation*, which is really the main point of analysis. Sublimation is the raising of the moral tone — the discharge of energy at a higher level — and that is what analysis makes possible. Analysis brings up into consciousness the conflicts which are causing trouble, and using up energy in the unconscious. These

conflicts then come under the control of the subject's will power, and can be solved in consciousness. This process naturally brings about a more satisfactory adjustment to environment, and does away with much waste of energy due to repression. Such repression has been of no moral value, because it was unconscious.

I am, as "rep," trying to pick up second-hand things for our new Common Room. It is the big front basement-room at the Clinic, formerly the sitting-room of the Secretary, and we students are rejoicing in the prospect of a Common Room to ourselves, to have tea and sit about in. The room is charming, big and airy and light, though in the basement — an oak dresser set into the wall, etc. We want to have it very simple, in the style of No. 34 — plain imitation-oak tables and chairs, and plenty of big comfy armchairs. The little tables will be in quiet corners, for writing up our Clinic notes, and we shall have lockers to keep our papers in. As our numbers increase, all this is necessary. We shall have a tea-club, the practical side of it run by the little clerk of the laboratory, Miss Brownjohn. We now pay the Clinic for our tea, fourpence a time, but it will cost us less probably as a tea-club! I have so far only got a pair of dark blue armchairs, second-hand but perfectly clean and comfortable, for thirty-five shillings each — a bargain! Will you give five pounds for more easy-chairs? I know you will, and have told Dr. Murray so.

The fact that they give warning now of raids is a relief — although the warning is nearly as bad as a raid and generally causes a few deaths from shock, among people with weak hearts! But for the rest of us it's a benefit.

Sister Vera is Assistant Matron at the Royal Flying Corps Hospital and is now in charge for a few weeks while the Matron is away. She rang up yesterday to ask if I could n't go there for a month as pro., but of course I can't — I wish I could!

CABLEGRAM

London, September 6, 1917

Postponing Clinic work until January. With doctor's approval going drive ambulance front. Attached French Army. Starting about seventeenth. You come Paris later.

DEXTER.

IV. FRANCE

SKETCH MAP OF A PART OF THE WESTERN FRONT

London, September 10, 1917

DEAREST MOTHER:—

Isn't it all very exciting! I heard of the chance through Dr. Hector Munro, but hardened my heart at first, and said I couldn't possibly go on account of my work here. However, I went to see Miss Lowther who is head of the Unit, now at home on leave, and she said she would take me for three months, instead of the four which is the usual limit. So I decided to go. Of course, if No. 33 were running, full of war-shock patients, I would n't dream of it, as I should be needed here. But as it is I can be spared now, and can make up next year this autumn term that I lose. Dr. Murray advised me strongly to go — she feels I have worked so hard that a complete change and outdoor life will do me a world of good. Of course, as you know, it has been hard to settle down in London to work, when I was aching for a bit more of active service, and it seems almost too good to be true, to get this opportunity to go abroad without interfering with my real work. It's like eating one's cake and having it too!

It's the Hackett-Lowther Unit I am joining — Miss H. runs the canteen, and Miss L. the motor part, which consists of about eighteen ambulances. The Unit is officially attached to the French Army, by special permission

of General Pétain himself, the first women to be so attached. Miss Lowther ranks as second lieutenant. The uniform is very smart — khaki, of course. Coat like British officers' tunics, with big square pockets and a leather belt — but no leather shoulder strap. Short skirt, coming below the knees, breeches underneath, and big high trench boots, with thick soles. We have claret-colored collars, with the automobile grenade signs of the French Army and a special cap — French military pattern. I can't have mine till I get out there, so am obliged to travel in an ordinary soft khaki felt hat such as the W.V.R. wear. Then I have got a big trench coat (like what the officers wear) — mackintosh outside with a detachable fleece lining, which is a coat in itself for dry weather. The whole thing is wonderfully warm, and entirely waterproof. Also fur-lined gauntlets, waterproof gloves, waterproof high boots, etc.

Our shirts are men's flannel, with ordinary soft collar and silk tie, all khaki color. At night we have to wear very warm flannel pyjamas and bed-socks. We take a big sleeping-bag, a camp bed (army pattern), a rubber bath, enamel plates, fork, spoon, and knife, etc. For although at our headquarters we have comfortable quarters and a cook — things will be quite different as we are sent forward. I am taking meat tablets and Horlick's malted milk tablets, cakes of chocolate, and a thermos — and a thousand other little things I can't remember at the moment. We are al-

lowed very little luggage, only what one can (supposedly) carry one's self — though I should be sorry to have to carry my bag, kit-bag, and camp bed myself! I wish you could see my lovely boots!

I warned Miss Lowther that I have not had anything to do lately with the insides of motors — but we talked it over, and she thinks I will do. I got an instructor from the Motor Schools, fresh from the front, and he tested my driving by putting me through all sorts of stunts, and then created break-downs for me to find and put right. He also gave me good advice as to goggles and odds-and-ends.

I gave our Ambassador and Cecil Dormer as references at the French Red Cross. They ask for two men who have known one over two years. I'll let you know my address out there as soon as I know it. Miss Lowther says letters come by auto convois from Paris about four times a week, so you must write often. I'm afraid you won't be able to supply me with things as you did when I was at La Panne. Miss Lowther says it took five months once for some tooth powder to reach her!

My latest acquisition is a silver identity disc with my name, Hackett-Lowther Unit, and my passport number on it. We wear them on our wrists, the same as the soldiers, and they are quite a chic form of chain bracelet! The Embassy had to cable to Washington to have France put on my passport, as my latest one has n't it. You can imagine

how thrilled I am — I've nursed the British and the Belgians, and am so glad to have a chance to do my bit for the French.

I miss my Clinic work, and would be miserable if I were n't soon coming back to it. My patients were rather upset when they heard I would be away three months, and I have had nice letters from them.

Lady X—— works at the Eagle Hut in the Strand, being an American, and has asked me to come in and see it.

September 17, 1917

I forgot to tell you that the last raid was at midnight, and they got us all downstairs. It was too funny — a sort of peignoir parade — fifteen or twenty solemn and dishevelled women — and in one corner all the servants. I would n't have missed it for anything.

Many thanks for your cable of God-speed, but I am, alas, not speeded yet! Delays owing to papers still on the way from Paris — the usual thing, but very tiresome. All my clothes are packed, as we may start any minute, and I am wearing uniform and improving the shining hours by having lessons in motor repairs.

September 25, 1917

I saw Miss Lowther this morning. The papers have come — and I could go any day now, but am to wait and

go out with her. There are two cars to go, and she wants me to drive the second. So I shall be here another week. We go to Southampton, spend a night on the boat to Havre, and then drive to Paris first — then on to our headquarters. It will be fun. Remember my letters from France will be so censored that they'll be dull — the only interest will be in the fact that we shall be so far front, and that we're the only women attached to the French Army.

Last night was the raidiest raid London has had yet. I dare not tell you any particulars — but it was very, very near indeed that one bomb fell — the house shook. I was dining at the Sesame Club with Mrs. A—— and we sat in the dark in the hall. We saw flashes overhead, and finally, when it got too near to be worth risking any longer, we went into a downstairs room where there is the least glass. The servants were huddled in a corner, and one of the kitchen-maids fainted. They did n't even know enough to lay her on the floor — so I went to the rescue. There were a lot of ladies already there — knitting — very nervous, but calm. One had a small electric torch, and the others got thoroughly incensed with her because she would flash it into their faces!

You know the gardens that your flat looked out on. The house those gardens belong to has n't a pane of glass today!

September 26, 1917

I am hard at it in the mechanical line these days, and luckily fell into the hands of a very enterprising (French) instructor, who does not spare himself or me. I am having lessons every day — mending inner tubes (vulcanizing), soldering, etc. — getting hot and dirty. My instructor puts things wrong with the engine on the road, and I have to find them — splendid practice. Yesterday he took the cap off the hind wheel valve, and I had to change the stepney wheel in the road in the blazing sun. He makes me do it every bit myself, looking on very critically, and reminding me, "the blessés are waiting"! It is Providence that I had the time, as I needed the lessons. Really it was cheek on my part to gaily offer myself as a driver, knowing as little as I did of mechanical repairs! Anyhow, it's all right now.

Another attempt at a raid last night — but a feeble one. It was the first time I have ever seen the "TAKE COVER" notices in the streets. I was on top of a bus on my way to dine in Chelsea, when they came. Boys on bicycles bawling, "Take cover!" — with big placards from their shoulders, back and front. A minute or two later the guns were potting — quite near — and I won't say that I *lingered* along the Embankment on my way to Mrs. B——'s house! However, in ten minutes they were driven off, and we dined in peace.

Tonight if there is a raid (and there will be if the weather permits) my instructor, who drives an ambulance evenings, is going to call for me to take me in the Rolls-Royce ambulance wherever he may go — and I think that as I am in uniform, I might be allowed to help. This is the "raid week," and the Huns are reported to be coming every night, on account of the moon. It's their last really good chance before the winter! And I dare say that they still hope to terrorize London. I just wish they could see the calm way London takes it. Two nights ago, during the worst one London has ever had, actors continued placidly to act, musicians did not miss a note, though the brutes were just overhead, and the noise pretty loud.

Don't think I am giving up my Clinic work — this is only a holiday — the other my life-work. I am missing it already!

October 2, 1917

This is an appalling week — raids like clock-work every night. Mrs. H——'s butler inquired whether his mistress "would dine before or after the raid"! That was early in the week — now there is no question — every one dines before, to make sure of it! — the servants being not dependable, and no wonder. I have a bit of shell and shrapnel which were found on the doorstep — they hit the big closed doors of my club. Shrapnel peppers every-

where, and in Dover Street when there's a lull, the little club pages dash out and hunt for it!

October 7, 1917

Thank fortune, the raid week is over! It was a big strain for London.

October 12, 1917

We are off on Monday at last — Miss Lowther and I — after a month's wait. As M—— says, one has yet to hear of the man, woman, or Unit which really started for the front at the time proposed — *nobody* does it! Three or four more will follow in a fortnight with more ambulances. The Chalmers is not ready, so I am to drive a new car, a G.M.C. (American) given to Miss Lowther by her cousin, Lord L——, as President of the British Sportsmen's Association. I spent two hours this afternoon with her at the garage, learning its idiosyncrasies. It is a lovely big gray ambulance, with Hackett-Lowther Unit, French Red Cross, etc., painted on it in red. I have sheaves of official documents from the French Red Cross — a lot for myself and another lot for the car, every detail of which is entered into. Also papers to insure special rates on the boat, etc. They give us our petrol, of course.

THE G.M.C.

Caudebec-en-Caux
Thursday, October 19, 1917

We started Monday from London, and motored to Southampton, arriving about 4.30 P.M. Miss Lowther's car — a six cylinder Wolseley — could have come much faster, but my G.M.C. is regulated to go only twenty-five miles an hour. So she had to hold back for fear of losing me, and I got all her dust and was as black as a sweep when we reached Southampton! The French Red Cross had reserved staterooms for us, and space for the two ambulances, but we found that owing to a mistake the staterooms had not been kept, and the boat very full. So we passed the night wrapped up in a sheltered corner of the deck. A squall came up, to help matters, and it was too cold and wet for words. Sea-water broke over the cars all night, and got into the engines — and the next morning at Havre we had a fearful time to start them. We were so delayed that we could n't leave that day, as there was a heap of red tape to go through. So we spent Tuesday night at the Continental and revelled in hot baths and real beds. I had n't had my clothes off, nor my big trench boots, for thirty-six hours — and had gotten so horribly dusty into the bargain.

It was a lovely run from Havre on. We did n't intend to stop here, but Miss Lowther has suddenly developed an acute attack of neuritis or intercostal neuralgia. So here

we are, held up a day or two, in this enchanting little old-world village on the river Caux. It was an awful moment when I thought she had pleurisy, in a place like this with only a local doctor — but she is up today, a little better.

I nearly forgot to tell you that we are not alone — we are accompanied by a pedigree Pekinese!!! It is for a woman in Paris who does not mind spending fifty pounds for a pet dog in these times. I shall never believe in future that pedigree dogs are delicate — that this one has survived the trip proves an iron constitution. We have done the best we can for it, but imagine a pet dog in a satin-lined basket, on a trip like this! We take turns carrying it into the dining-rooms en route, braving the amused looks of people who are obviously saying to themselves, "What fools some women are — who must even take their pet dogs to the front!!"

I like my G.M.C. immensely. The front seat is especially nice, as it is very sheltered, and a sort of canvas keeps the wind and rain off my knees and arms. You should have seen me in my overalls yesterday, underneath its big body, oiling!

Tomorrow we go on to Rouen, though I feel uneasy about Miss Lowther travelling — and Sunday to Paris. Miss Hackett is meeting us there, as there is a lot of red tape about our new cars before they go to the front — they have to be militarisés. More drivers and cars come out

very soon from England, so that we shall be eighteen altogether.

We drivers have to have our carnets rouges from the Ministère de la Guerre. They are red books with one's photograph authorizing one to go into the war zone.

Hôtel des Champs-Élysées, Paris
Wednesday, October 24, 1917

It really is bad luck — here we are stuck for goodness knows how long. Poor Miss Lowther is in bed in earnest now with acute pleurisy. I tried my best to keep her quietly at Caudebec a few days longer, but there was no holding her. I did all I could to spare her on the trip, and it was better to get on to where there are doctors. We reached Rouen Saturday afternoon, and came on here Sunday. That night her temperature was over 102 — and the pain very severe — and I could n't get a doctor until the next morning. Lord and Lady Esher (she is treasurer of our Unit) recommended a first-rate English doctor whom I flew and got. Imagine poor Miss Lowther's feelings — just when she is frantically busy completing her Unit. She has had three more cars offered since we left London, and the whole Unit is to be militarized during these days in Paris. Now, of course, it's all delayed — and it is maddening for her.

I found yesterday that she was worrying — quite nat-

urally, of course — at my being kept here nursing when I came out to drive an ambulance. She said I must go on to the headquarters at Cugny, but I told her that I love being for a bit in Paris, that I am *au fond* even more of a nurse than a chauffeuse! I have no wish to stay in Paris when I might be at the front, but of course I will not leave her yet. It is particularly trying when my time is limited, but one must be philosophical, and live from day to day.

Miss Lowther has at last got her eighteen ambulances. People say it is one of the biggest things women have done in the war — to get a whole motor section of eighteen cars attached to the army.

Miss Hackett is Irish — she has been at the front since the very beginning, and has the Croix de Guerre for looking after wounded in a station-yard, under bombardment.

Paris, October 31, 1917

Miss Lowther has been much worse. It was a near thing — and for two days we were all very anxious, but now I am glad to say she is out of danger. They finally took her to the Astoria, the big military hospital in the Champs Élysées near by. She is the first woman who has ever been a patient there. They took her on account of her belonging to the French army.

I had to take my car to the work-shop of the British Ambulance two days ago, as there were a lot of things

needing attention. The head man showed me a car which was hit three times by shells — it's just a tousled mass of twisted ribbon now. Each time it was hit they put it right — till the third time was too much! The driver was n't touched. Another that interested me was a G.M.C., a twin of mine, in a state of pulp.

Paris, November 4, 1917

Miss Hackett returned last evening from Compiègne, and brought me a lovely fat pile of letters.

Miss Repton, our second in command, and Miss G—— arrived Friday night with the Daimler and the Chalmers. And now we, the first batch, shall soon be militarized and off for Cugny.

We went to order our helmets — "champignons de fer" we call them. The Army would give them to us, but we prefer to order an extra size, on account of our hair taking up room. They are nasty heavy things held on with a strap under the chin, otherwise if one stooped or lay down they'd fall off. I hear the English ones are lighter, but I did n't know in time to get one there. Miss G—— and two others who are coming out next week are just back from a year in Russia and Roumania — driving ambulances — where they took part in some of those big retreats, and had all sorts of thrillingly interesting experiences.

I have spent this afternoon buying sheets and pillow-

slips and blankets for refugees. They are reconstructing villages near Cugny — places the Huns destroyed. Miss Hackett and the Eshers have just had thirteen hundred francs given them for bedding. I got estimates for dozens and dozens, making the money go as far as possible, and came out within one franc of the amount — which amused them!

Paris, November 15, 1917

Just a month today since Miss Lowther and I left London! Who would have dreamed we should still be in Paris by now! I must say I have enjoyed the month here immensely, on the whole, though it is n't what I came out for, and I long to get on to work.

All the red tape is finished now, and we are a militarized Unit. You should see our Statutes! Each one of us is given a copy of the part which applies to her. Everything is stated, to do with the organization and running of the Unit, our duties and privileges. We are all voluntary, of course. We have a French army officer at our head, over Miss Lowther, and an army mechanic, cook, and orderly attached to us. We are given army rations, and they allow us to choose our own billets (I forget the French word), as otherwise what would be given us would be rougher and dirtier than necessary. We shall get all the ravitaillements for the cars given us — essence (as they call petrol), oil,

tires, etc. — and we have a revitaillement book for each car, in which a record of all supplies is entered. We can leave only at the end of every six months, by giving a month's notice — while if we are staying on, we get fourteen days' leave every six months, provided there are four fifths of the Unit always there.

So you see, I am under martial law and tied for six months! If I left before, I should be shot at dawn for desertion!!! So there's no doubt in regard to *my* plans.

I cabled yesterday telling you that I am starting definitely on the 20th.

This morning I spent at the garage — "decanting" essence out of big barrels into little ordinary five-litre bidons ready for use. Tomorrow I must get into my overalls, and give the G.M.C. a thorough oiling to be ready for the run to Cugny. She is much more complicated as regards oiling than most cars — not like the Fords which need so little care.

A thing that entertains me greatly here is the way people speak to us on account of our being in uniform. The other day we had the cars out to go to the other side of Paris and bring back some huge bidons of essence. I was in my ambulance outside a shop in the rue de Rivoli, waiting for the others to join me, and at least six people spoke to me. Sometimes they know Miss Hackett, or of her, and want to ask about the work — sometimes they are just interested,

or want to ask if we know so-and-so at the front! One French girl asked me why I thought some friend of hers had n't been to Paris yet on leave!

Did I tell you that all Paris takes lemon in its tea now? — no milk allowed except for invalids and babies. Apart from that, and no cakes on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, you would never think there is a war on. Such good food and too much of it — all the tea-places packed as usual, though with quite a different lot of people, for none of the really best French people are to be seen anywhere — they're all working.

Élysée Palace Hotel,
Paris, November 18, 1917

Just a few lines tonight. I enclose the heading of our Unit note-paper, as it may interest you to see the definition of our work: —

HACKETT-LOWTHER UNIT
ŒUVRE ANGLAISE D'UTILITÉ GÉNÉRALE
AMBULANCES ET CANTINES AUX ARMÉES

My car had a narrow escape today. I left her outside the hotel, and when I came out and cranked her, to my horror she started merrily off by herself backward into the Champs Élysées! I had visions of a crash in the traffic, and chased her and leaped on board — and just stopped her at

the corner. A small page had been playing with the gears while I was in the hotel, and had left them in reverse.

Miss Lowther is much better — she improved with leaps and bounds as soon as she began to get the good food here. She is a most attractive person — the best fencer and tennis player in England, and has beaten many Continental men fencers. In other days she used to play tennis with the Kaiser's sons and beat them — which they hated!

She insisted on going to the Alhambra this afternoon. I was sure it would do her good, and it did — in a closed taxi, well wrapped up. A Frenchman sitting just behind us leaned forward and asked very politely what we belonged to — so Miss Lowther told him we are an Ambulance Unit attached to the troisième armée, etc. "L'armée anglaise," he said — and when she explained it was "l'armée française," he looked politely incredulous! No one can believe it at first, and small wonder, considering it has only been true ten days, and we have n't begun work yet! There are heaps of women driving for the English army, and for the French — an American woman spoke to me in the street yesterday who has been chauffing for the French near Amiens for some months. But there are none who are actually driving ambulances attached to an army, going up to the postes de secours, and under fire, as we shall be.

Miss Lowther and Mlle. de M. start south for Arcachon,

the lung place, on Thursday, and Miss Hackett and I are staying to see them off. Then me for the Front — three cheers!

[*On Active Service*]
[*Cugny,*] *November* 24, 1917

Here I am! Came through from Paris yesterday, bringing Miss Hackett with me. We left the gates of Paris at 11.30 and got here at 5.30 (one hundred and thirty kilomètres), stopping at Senlis for lunch and at Compiègne for letters. You can imagine how thrillingly interesting the trip was. The minute one gets into the war zone everything changes — parts of the country we came through were very bare, with the remains of trenches, and not a tree standing — the sort of thing we are all so familiar with in the cinema war pictures. Miss Hackett showed me a bit that for some time had been No Man's Land. But now one sees the effects of recultivation, and in parts there are beautifully green fields. The little inn where we lunched was at one time the headquarters of Von Kluck and Prince Eitel Fritz — the houses opposite have only their walls standing.

We passed through Noyon without stopping. The two spires are beautiful, rising above the town — one is thankful the Hun has spared them. Then later a little village which was absolutely in ruins — the silhouette against the sunset made me think of Pompeii. There were trenches

there — crossing the road — which have been filled in just lately, after the Boches were pushed back.

It was difficult driving as it got dark. The huge dark-gray camions (trucks) are almost invisible until they are close — they carry no lights and are very wide — difficult to pass on narrow roads in a sea of mud. I found it quite a strain on my eyes — though one will have to get used to it, of course. One must.

Our baraque is very rough, just a long wooden shed. The front door opens into a living-room, with a dining-table, stove, etc., and from it runs a long narrow passage straight through, with all our cubicles opening off. It is all very fragile, of course — you must not lean against the walls too hard! There is a legend that once when the canteen, which is a twin shed alongside of us, was filled full of poilus, others, trying to get in, nearly pushed the walls down — they had to be straightened the next day! It does not pretend to be air-tight, and imagine the cold! Just now it is very mild, but I am picturing to myself what it will be when the weather changes. My first night in my sleeping-bag was not a very happy one — the bed is nearly as hard as the floor, and the bag narrow. However, one gets accustomed to anything. We have rubber baths, but the difficulty is to get more than a tea-cupful of hot water. Our cubicles are guiltless of furniture, and I brought an iron table and chair with me.

Cugny is a little village, somewhat battered, five miles from the trenches; but on the whole the Huns left it in fairly good shape. They had to retire in a great hurry, I am told — and had n't time to do much damage. There are roofless cottages all about us, however.

When we got here yesterday the canteen was in full swing, packed with poilus — smoking and singing — the gramophone going — and such a noise! There is a little stage at one end of the hall — and a library — and note-paper for them to write letters. It is open from 5.30 to 8 every afternoon, and on Sundays from 2 to 4 as well — coffee given free — and they love it. It is generally different lots of men who come, as they are just going to, or just from, the trenches.

[*Cugny,*] *Sunday, November* 25, 1917

The canteen is a bit short-handed today, as Miss Hackett and three others had to go to Noyon, and two more are away for a few days, gone to Nevers to get a new car which has been given us. So one of the other drivers and I were left in charge this afternoon. I stayed at one end of the hall and ran the gramophone, and gave out tobacco and games, and Miss G—— at the other end distributed books and note-paper. There is an orderly who is always there to help us. We often get a rough lot in, and occasionally some are drunk, but generally they are very well-

THE TWO BARAQUES

The left-hand one is the canteen

INTERIOR OF THE CANTEEN

behaved, and if not, are quickly put out. They love the music, and I had about fifty sitting at my end listening. It is not the warmest place on earth to sit for two hours, no floor but the ground!! I was glad of my huge thick trench boots.

I wish you could hear the roar outside going on now. The street is full of soldiers waiting for the canteen to re-open at 5.30. I must stop writing and go back to help with the coffee.

Later

I wish you could have seen the canteen — crammed, not an inch of floor-room anywhere. There were five hundred men in there, if not more. Miss Hackett thought they might be rough, but so far they have been lambs, hushing each other every time a new tune starts on the gramophone.

It is interesting to do a bit of canteen work, and I enjoy it — but we shan't have time, of course, when we start our own work. We have to keep our ambulances as best we can, in a barn here, and a shed there. But we hear that tomorrow some troops are moving on and we are to have a better place. The mud is very deep and slimy everywhere. I scraped my car with a stick to-day to get off a top layer.

We are not anything to do with the Red Cross. They helped us to come out from London, and provided our

essence, etc., as far as Paris. But once one is militarized, the army does all that. Of course, we have red crosses on all our ambulances, back, sides, and top. Our Unit is so well known — the cars and uniform — that our carnets rouges were not looked at coming through from Paris.

[*Cugny,*] *December* 1, 1917

Thursday was Thanksgiving Day — I did n't remember it at the time, but it happened that I went to a lunch that day. Miss Hackett and three of us were invited by the officer commanding the ——, near here, in a little village [1] which is utterly in ruins. It still boasts a railway station, however, so is important in that way. We had lunch in a house with no roof left — or rather in a little room, formerly a pantry, which had been built on and had retained its roof. The officers sleep in baraques like ours here, except that theirs are lined and very warm. There were ten of them, and we had quite a decent lunch. Oysters (poor), brains (sheep!), cutlets and cabbage, cheese, jam and coffee. I did n't know they were brains, and thought it quite a good kind of sweetbreads!

We hear guns off and on, but things are quiet just now. One does n't notice much unless it is very near. It's strange how I don't mind them here as I do in London — I suppose it's because they "belong" here. Sometimes we

[1] Flavy-le-Martel.

ONE OF THE CUBICLES

"A FEW OF US"

go outside after dark to watch the flashes of the guns on the ——[1] front, lighting up the horizon.

We had orders to move in six days, and I was quite sorry — as I had been here so short a time. But now it has been cancelled — one lives from day to day and never knows what the next hour will bring forth. In the meantime I am settled rather comfortably in my cubicle. I have built a luxurious wash-stand out of empty cartridge cases — also something somewhat resembling a chest of drawers!

We have frequent rain, and the mud is like the movies — I can't say more! The sun actually came out today, and I photographed a ruined house or two, near by here. I have n't much time, though, as I am working every day on my G.M.C. Being a new car she needs a lot of oiling and greasing and you would have laughed if you could have seen me this afternoon after an hour underneath her — simply one mass of oil and mud I was. A hot bath would be a luxury that we don't allow ourselves to think of.

Did I tell you that Cugny was occupied for two years by the Boches — they have only been out of the place for five or six months. Several new drivers arrived last week, who were with the Scottish Women's Hospitals in Russia and Roumania and Serbia.

It is awfully difficult to get essence (gasoline). If people at home realized no one would motor for pleasure. They

[1] St. Quentin front.

have a horrible way of giving kerosene in essence bidons, and it is difficult to tell the difference, as the essence is so poor and oily now. You will realize how bad it is when I tell you that it won't take oil spots out of our clothes — it's too oily itself. And when we get kerosene by mistake, it is maddening — most cars won't run on it, and it settles in streaks in the tank. So sometimes you go all right, and sometimes you don't.

[*Cugny,*] *Sunday, December* 2, 1917

A lovely clear day today, but oh, so cold! We hear the English rejected this baraque some time ago when there was talk of their coming here, as not fit to live in! It is n't, really, not being lined. It was a mistake — built in hot weather. There is a stove, which requires constant care not to smoke copiously, and we burn kindling in it — can't get coal. The stove is in the living-room, and as they could n't get enough piping to bring any heat to the other end, those of us at the back might almost as well be outdoors! However, c'est la guerre.

I hear from Miss Lowther from Arcachon that she is getting on well. She was very bored at going there, and is threatening to return much sooner than the doctors will hear of. We are anxious about her standing the cold here.

A few days ago a colonel told Miss Hackett that his men

had never got off to the trenches in such good condition as after their stop here, thanks to the canteen — was n't it nice? The men can't believe the coffee and note-paper and tobacco are free. They edge up, and look — and finally push one man forward to try. And when they see it is free they surge forward — and are so grateful. It is better for some armies to pay a little — our American Army, for instance, who can afford it. But these poor poilus on five sous a day really appreciate not having to.

An avion Boche [1] has just been playing about overhead. Lots of guns today — we hear that the next village but one, along near us, had sixty-two shells in it in a few hours, no one hurt but a horse. The village was already in ruins, so there was nothing much more to be done in that line!

I am sorry my letters are so untidy, but there are always people talking all about — and one can't write in one's cubicle, it is so fearfully cold. It's impossible to keep warm sitting anywhere — the only way is by exercising. Our second auxiliary stove is out of commission — as we can't get any kerosene for the moment.

The news has been very depressing the last two days, about Cambrai, and our plans are indirectly changed. I could tell you a lot — only I must n't. Better news tonight.

[1] Aeroplane.

[*Cugny, December,* 1917]

We have had little sleep the last three nights. Boche aeroplanes came in the small hours each night, and lingered overhead. Bombs rained about us until we thought the baraque would sit down on us — it shook so. The first night four of us dressed and went out in boots and overcoats, in spite of the terrific cold — to see what we could see. It was a wonderful clear, steely-blue night, with every star out. The second night — which was still colder — we remained in bed, though they came and went for two hours — and last night I managed to sleep through most of it, as it was n't quite so aggressively near. They have also been about in the daytime, off and on. Any raids I was in — in London — pale by comparison as regards nearness and noise.

We have had a lot of Chasseurs Alpins (the "Blue Devils") in lately, quartered all about us, in sheds and houses partly ruined, which our baraques are among. Our walls are so thin that the men's voices, calling to each other in the early morning, sound as if they were inside of the baraque! Our little windows are made of a sort of oiled canvas, not transparent. You can't see through them, and little light comes through. On a sunny day it's dark inside, and on a dark day it's pitch-black. It is not uncommon to have disturbances of various kinds during the night. Last night a horse was frightened and bolted about 2 A.M.

AIR RAID AT CUGNY

Troops were starting for the trenches. He clattered along the wooden edge of the baraque with a noise far more unnerving than any guns!

The cold has been awful. I have n't been really warm for days, except when walking — the minute one stops the cold strikes in. You'd laugh if you knew the numbers of layers of clothes I have been wearing! It is only now and then we can get any coal, and as you know, twigs and chips and tiny blocks of wood don't give great heat.

As I write, through the walls there is a steady roar of poilus' voices, plus a gramophone. I often play the gramophone, to relieve one of the canteeners — but of course the canteen is nothing to do with us really — we are the Motor Section.

[*Cugny, December*, 1917]

There are constant air activities — Boches overhead day and night, and bombs very near — also a steady barrage from the guns, afternoons and evenings as a rule. The General in command of the —— Armée came to call on Miss Hackett the other day and thanked her for the work. He asked if there was anything he could do for us — and she asked for two stoves. They arrived the next morning and we are much warmer. I can't tell you what the cold is like! We have a stove now at the other end of the baraque, near my cubicle, but fuel is the difficulty. We get coal and

most of our stores from a military place near by, where only the army may get supplies. The things are good, but certain ones are often unobtainable. If any one had told me that my heart would beat with joy at the sight of kerosene and candles and matches, I would certainly not have believed it! You have to experience being without such things to feel the gladdening which the sight of them brings. We are all extremely generous as regards lending coats, boots, gloves, or any clothes, but none of us can bring ourselves to give away a box of matches!! We are told to be ready to be called out if necessary at any moment. It is not easy to be "ready at any moment" when our cars are stabled in open sheds in freezing weather, and we can't, of course, get any anti-freezing solutions for the radiators. Water left in pails freezes overnight, and the nearest pump is a ten-minute walk. I could write a book on the luxuries of the front! Kerosene for lamps is scarce, and candles are thirty-five centimes apiece and even more scarce. Soon we shall go to bed in the dark, I expect. As our baraque is full up, the Auto Chir people have sent us a tent for the expected overflow. A tent sounds poor comfort, but in actual fact is said to be warmer than the baraque — much better built, with double walls.

We are supposed to have gas-masks, but they have n't come yet. This afternoon there was a sound like a gas warning and it happened that several of us were wrestling

with one of the new stoves. The fumes were so appalling that we really could n't tell at first whether it was a gas attack or not! It is getting very exciting here now — with extra trenches and barbed wire being put up between us and the Boches.

Since I wrote last we have had a lot of snow, and the country is looking too lovely — all white, and every twig and branch encased in frosting. You can imagine how picturesque the shelled remains of houses are — dark against the snow — and the pale blue of the poilus' uniforms. One of the very impressive things on the way here — which I forgot to tell you of — is a big cemetery of German dead, in the forest this side of Compiègne — a high paling all around it. Back there, one sees German prisoners working on the roads, though not, of course, anywhere so far front as we are here. They all have "P.G."[1] in huge red letters on their blouses.

Mrs. Talbot went to London to stir up more funds, which we need badly. She is one of the canteen members — such a dear — our mess president, and does us awfully well. Another charming canteen worker is Mme. Fillonneau, who is Scotch, married to a (half English) French colonel.

[1] Prisonnier de Guerre. (*Editor's Note.*)

[*Cugny, January,* 1918]

Miss Lowther wrote, offering me leave — in order to go to Paris and meet her. The big lung specialist found to his great surprise that she is cured, and told her she may drive this winter, — although she should have stayed three months at Arcachon.

One of our drivers, Miss P——, had a thrilling experience the other day, while I was in Paris. I wish I had been with her! She went for a walk in a snowstorm, and a Boche aeroplane which had lost its way came directly over her, flying so low that she could see the airman's face and arms. The anti-aircraft guns were giving him a hot time. She and a passing poilu got into a ditch for shelter from the shrapnel — but the Boche saw them, and turned his mitrailleuse on them! When the machine had passed on and it was over, the poilu ran up to her, and grasped her hand to say how lucky they were both to be alive — then suddenly dropped her hand, exclaiming, "Mais vous êtes femme!" In her greatcoat and cap and boots he had thought she was a man. It happened just near here, close by the sign-post, "Zone dangereuse" — on the road to the village where we lunched with the French officers in the house with no roof. That house has been bombed again several times since we lunched there — and there is less than ever of it. We get all our ravitaillements from that village.

A certain number of English troops are just arriving,

AT BREAKFAST IN THE BARAQUE

taking over part of the line — there is no harm in saying it, for it will be ancient history by the time it reaches you. The English never allow women so near the front as this, and are surprised to find us here. The conditions are much changed, khaki everywhere and very little blue left. It is interesting to see the mixture in the Canteen. We have had various English officers dropping in on us at all hours, and we like to give them tea or coffee, etc., but it is not easy when we are on none too full rations ourselves.

How amused you will be when I tell you that we can no longer call ourselves voluntary — we are to be obliged to take the pay of the French poilu. Imagine my pride in earning five sous a day as a French soldier! You will be glad to know that we may not be sent at first so near the front as we were told. It just depends on where we are most needed.

If you ask why we've been so long in starting, the answer is RED TAPE!! All things of this kind go through more or less of it, and this is a much bigger thing than was expected — a whole section instead of a quarter.

We shall not know where we are going even when we start. Things are going to be doing everywhere very soon — all the few remaining civilians have been ordered to leave Cugny and the little surrounding villages. The Boches are trying their hardest before our army gets over. I can't write more about it — and nothing else is of any interest!

Villers-Cotterets (Aisne),
Friday, January 25, 1918

We got our marching orders by telephone at Cugny on Tuesday, and came through on Wednesday — eight of us, lunching at Noyon on the way. The déménagement of the baraque was no light affair. I took a photograph of the cars lined up outside, full to bursting, and the ground littered with stoves, tables, chairs, packing-cases, etc.

I regret to say that my poor G.M.C. became "en panne" outside Soissons — otherwise we should have come through all right. The whole trouble has turned out to be simply water in the essence, but I was worried. It was growing later and later — two officers in a car, after working over her too, sent us men from a Parc (a military dépôt for automobiles), but she would not go, and finally we left her with the men to be towed to their place. I came along with Miss Repton and Mrs. Talbot in the Wolseley, Miss R. having sent the others on hours before. The going was very heavy after much rain, but luckily it was a moonlight night. We came through miles of weird, desolate country, once the front, and several deserted, ruined villages, without a light or a sign of life. Then through the glorious forest of Villers-Cotterets, arriving here soon after midnight. It is a quaint little town, rather like Tours, only quainter. We had no idea where the others would be, whether in billets or a hotel. A soldier in the Place told us there was no hotel

open, so I left the others in the car, and started out on foot to find the "Direction des Automobiles" — which is where we report when we arrive anywhere. It was like walking through a city of the dead, not a light nor a sound anywhere. I kept thinking I heard steps in the distance, some one coming whom I could ask, but realized it was the echo of my own boots on the pavement! It was then 1 A.M. I found the hotel, and went back for the others — the woman gave us some ham and bread and vin du pays, and we fell into bed. The hotel was so full I had to sleep in a bathroom — and oh, the irony of having had no proper bath for weeks and sleeping alongside of a beautiful enamel bathtub piled with chairs!

The next morning I, being a soldier in the service of the French Army, was ordered to be ready at 12.30 to go with the maréchal des logis (more or less the equivalent of a sergeant-major in the British Army) to see about my car. We went off in a little service car and I drove mine back with a huge fifty-litre bidon in beside me — feeding the carburetor by a long rubber tube. They had found five litres of water in my tank! It meant a horrid lot of work, for the tank had to be démonté, to be properly cleaned. This morning one of our other cars is en panne from the same essence!

Coming here turns out to have been a mistake — the coup de téléphone which brought us here should have sent

us to Creil to join Miss Lowther and the other dozen drivers. So back we go today. But I can't help being glad the mistake was made, for we have seen some wonderfully interesting country. We came for miles through the land over which the battle of the Aisne was fought — rolling, desolate ground, with trenches and dug-outs — the barbed-wire entanglements still there, and graves scattered about. In one place the road passes along what was No Man's Land — it was indescribable. I found there a hand grenade, half hidden in the ground — and have kept it. It is probably not exploded, but I have tied it up in a cushion, in my tool box, and am going to see if I can get it démonté by some artilleryman. I should like to keep it, having found it myself just there. I am told it is German, of the 1914 model.

I have the percussion fuse of a French 75 — which we found on an old dump heap among a lot of empty shells. But I 'm afraid it is still explosive, and that I shan't be able to keep it.

Hackett-Lowther Unit (Motor Section)
Hôpital d'Evacuation, No. 16,
Creil, January 29, 1918

Here we are, the Hackett-Lowther Unit complete and at work at last! We got here in the morning, and after working all the afternoon on our cars, we all went on duty

the same night. From 10 P.M. until 6.30 the next morning we carried wounded to different hospitals — then after three hours' sleep we were called out again for another rush until 4.30 that afternoon!

The night work was especially trying, as there was a thick mist everywhere, and one could only see a few feet in front of one's car, going over strange country roads. I was driving a strange car, too, through the night — a Wolseley. My beat was back and forth from the H.O.E. to a hospital thirteen kilomètres from here, through winding country roads and little villages, just stopping to load up and unload at the other end. They showed us the way once, and after that we had to find it for ourselves, fog or no fog!

It is much colder today — and clear and sunny. My car is running beautifully, and pulls up steep hills, with a heavy load, too splendidly. I am very thankful, for no one has ever touched her but myself, and it is a big responsibility, the entire care of a car, when one has never had it before. Miss Lowther asked if I would like to drive the Wolseley, but I am fond of my G.M.C. and prefer to keep her if I have the choice. I like the way she is built. Wolseleys and many of the others are touring-cars with ambulance bodies put on — they have glass wind-shields, but are terribly cold at the side. The G.M.C. is a real truck build, big and heavy, much used in the French Army. There is a canvas which shelters the front seat and closes in the sides.

I am writing on my lap in my car — waiting at the H.O.E. to take wounded to a hospital twelve kilomètres from here. We are very badly lodged now, in a horrible little hotel — and can get no food after being up all night. But in two or three days we are to be billeted in a château in the country near by, where some soldiers are to be moved out to make room for us. There we shall be able to work on our cars peacefully in the park, without crowds of soldiers standing around and watching us, as they do in the courtyard of the hotel. We have a lieutenant whose job it is to transmit the army orders to Miss Lowther and a maréchal des logis, brigadier, an orderly, a cook, and two mechanics. We are the only women in France who have a commissioned officer at their head — all the others get their orders from a mere maréchal des logis! I wish you could see the Unit at meals! We eat at the soldiers' mess — in a tiny little room by ourselves. A long table with wooden benches and horrible tin plates, forks, spoons, and mugs. The food is eatable — that is all I can say — but we get enough.

Creil, February 4, 1918

It is no light matter when the Hackett-Lowther Unit moves! We are evidently to be here for a few weeks anyhow, and yesterday we moved, bag and baggage, to the château where we are billeted, about two kilomètres away.

It is a typical French house, large and square, standing among poplars — with a park behind, a lake, etc. Half of it is closed but we can all get in by squeezing, four going in the billiard-room. I am to have a small dressing-room, connected with a big room where two of my friends sleep. It is perfect being in the country — working on our cars under the trees instead of in a paved courtyard crowded with soldiers. I spent today in breeches and overalls — under and inside my car. The army gives us our cook, our rations, and plates, forks, spoons, etc. As the breakfast consists of black coffee and dry bread — milk being very scarce now — you can imagine that we try to supplement it a little when possible! Saturday I had my turn being on night duty — which means staying at the H.O.E. all night with one's car, from 9 P.M. until 8 A.M. There must be some one there, attached to the hospital, but it is seldom one is called for unless there is a rush — and then all the cars are called out. They have given us the use of a little room, in a hut behind the station, and we have a camp-bed by the stove, and roll up in a rug. My night on duty was bitterly cold, and the fire smoked, and went out, and my rug was damp and chilled me more than it warmed! I walked up and down outdoors to keep warm, and finally slept a little between 6 and 7.

We had an air raid the other night — the Boches on their way to Paris, and back — and great was the din!

Creil, February 6, 1918

A rush was on again today — every car called out — and I am now on duty. The hours are rather long sometimes; the 2.30 to 6.30 shift was prolonged both yesterday and today and I was on from 11.30 to 7. However, the busier we are the better we like it. I have just been into the station-yard — to the Scottish Women's Canteen — to get a cup of tea; it's very nice to be a poilu and able to use the canteen! It is free, and we are not allowed to pay — the tea is n't bad.

It amuses me to see the Bureau which has been installed in a part of the stables, by our lieutenant and his staff — a brigadier, maréchal des logis, etc. It apparently takes about four men to run us! — although Miss Lowther does all the organizing of our hours and the supervising of the cars. We have to enter in a book at night what runs we have made — how many kilomètres, how many wounded, and details of essence, tires, etc.

Tomorrow is to be another rush day — the orders have just come — so we shall all be out early.

Creil, February 10, 1918

We are terribly busy. Yesterday most of us were up at 5.30 for a very heavy morning's work — long distances to go, and many to carry, and it all had to be finished by noon, twelve exactly. I can carry five couchés (stretcher

cases) in my car, which makes her extra useful. Even big cars as a rule carry only four, and Fords two. I can take either nine assis (sitting cases) — eight inside and one in front with me — or five couchés — or various other combinations of both. We often have bad cases.

H.O.E. No. 16, Creil,
February 22, 1918

The days fly by — we are busy, on the whole, with occasional very slack days and then sudden rushes. It has been bitterly cold again, and you can imagine the joys of coming down in the dark, at 5.30 A.M. on a rush day, your car rigid with the cold, and everything like ice to touch — no hot water to help start the engine, and not even a drop of coffee inside you! However, once the car has been "mis en marche," and one has snatched a hasty cup of coffee and slice of bread in the kitchen, life looks more cheerful, and it is gloriously exhilarating to see the sun rise over fields of white frost as one flies along. There is no speed limit for ambulances in France, as there is in England. They often give us an enormous number of wounded to be collected from long distances, to be at the H.O.E. at a certain hour, for a certain train, and it means a rush. It's no use starting too early, as they won't be ready, and only keep one waiting, so we have to make quick time and go very fast when empty.

Did I tell you that I drove the other day up to Compiègne to take six insane cases and two attendants? Coming back I had my first real "panne" — on the road twelve kilomètres from home. The G.M.C. was going like a bird when suddenly she stopped — three times that happened — and then she would n't go at all. It was dark and some one had borrowed my electric torch and not returned it — but I managed to discover the trouble. A screw composing a very essential part of the carburetor, on which the needle and float pivot, had fallen out! — a thing I never heard of happening to any one. I was in despair as it was so dark and late, but found a nail which would go in, and bound it on, wrapped in a sort of hood of chamois, wired on — and we came home all right. The carburetor looked as if it was bandaged up with a toothache!

Soon after I left there, a bomb came and * (Censor).

Miss Hackett was there with two of the canteeners and one of them was thrown on her face, though not hurt.

This place stands in a hollow, and is most unhealthy. We have all of us been upset, with what is called "campitis" by those who had it on the Russian front. It is a mild form of dysentery — one girl has had it ten days. I got it, together with a sore throat, on a 5.30 rush-morning — imagine having to drive steadily in the cold until noon.

But I stayed off the next day and when we had a rush call at 10 P.M., for all night, I was n't allowed to go.

Miss Hackett and the two Hancocks are coming here tomorrow for the night, and we are to give a fancy-dress party — no guests to spend more than two francs on their costumes! We have permission to rifle the château of curtain draperies, for two francs would hardly buy a postage-stamp these days.

Creil, March 8, 1918

We have just heard that Cugny has been bombed, and our baraque is no more! Also our garage shed, which was already half ruined when we were there. It is rather sad, for I loved the place, and we had many good times in that baraque.

I need n't refrain any longer from telling you that when I first went to Cugny, owing to the large number of men who were then being sent south to fight in the land of olives, there was just *one man* in the trenches to every eighteen there should have been, between us and the Boches! And if they had known —! It's just another of those wonderful cases where in spite of all their spies they don't know until too late.

I have gotten very hardened to the cold — even more than when in England. In our château we have only a

moderate log fire in the dining-room on very cold days — and the rest of the house is exactly like outdoors, only even damper. There are broken panes of glass in the windows — so we could n't keep in any heat if we had it to keep! We are allowed so little kerosene now that the "flamme bleue" stoves, which saved our lives at Cugny, are out of the question. Many feel the cold very much, owing to the damp. I must acknowledge I am rather stiff when I wake up in the morning, but I think that's the hard camp-bed. I was on night duty again last night. The great diversion of the Hackett-Lowther Unit, when we have time, is to go into the town and have a hot bath at the Bains on the river Oise. It is a sort of wooden float on a sluggish yellow stream, but the rooms are clean, and one gets a "fond de bain" (a large sheet to line the tin bathtub), clean towels, etc.

You ask if we salute, and it's hard to answer, for we do and we don't! What I mean is, we don't make a fuss of it, as the W.V.R. in London do. We are not in the way of it, for when out here we are mostly working about with no caps, and you may not salute without headgear, but stand at attention instead. Miss Lowther has n't made a point of it, as she does n't want it said, "How absurd it is, women playing at being men!" But, of course, we ought in theory, belonging as we do to the army. When Miss Lowther is saluted by officers or men, she returns it, just touching her cap.

THE TWO LIEUTENANTS

Our lieutenant has been all through Verdun and many times wounded, and has the Croix de Guerre and other decorations. The whole inside of his mouth is silver, though you would never know it. He and Miss Lowther are equal in rank, and he has nothing whatever to do with the running of the motor work. All the clerical part and accounts are his department. Our brigadier does nothing but secretarial work for him from morning to night.

It is becoming impossible to get cigarettes. There are none in Paris, but the nearer the front, the more likely there are to be some. We are entitled, as poilus, to a tobacco allowance, but we have never "touché" it, as is the French expression for drawing what the army gives. And just as we thought we would ask for it to give to the hospitals, the allowance has been withdrawn from the entire army! It's hard for the poor men — they've got to buy it now. It is amusing to be a poilu, but it's a bore too — for we can't move without such red tape. We are in the Zone des Armées, and the rules are very strict. The Germans were in this town for six days last year, and there are quite a few ruins about.

H.O.E. No. 16, Creil,
March 10, 1918

I took two American soldiers to one of the French hospitals the other day. They both looked very ill, and I felt

sorry for them, not being among their own people. A day or two later one of them ran after me in the street, and said he was better — I was so glad to hear it — and that the hospital was "fine." He was a nice boy, and awfully afraid he would be sent home without ever being under fire or in an air raid. That last wish at least has been amply gratified! There was a tremendous raid here two nights ago. We were just going to bed, and watched it for half an hour. The searchlights were pretty, but shrapnel began to patter around the house like hail and an obus whizzed down, though without exploding, so near that we thought better of staying out on the steps!

If I could be spared from here, I should feel I ought to return to London, for Dr. Murray writes that two of our junior staff are absent from the Clinic now for urgent family reasons. I ought to be there, but there is no prospect of my being exchanged under my six months. We are short of drivers and Miss Lowther can't replace any one easily, as it's almost impossible now for English women to leave England. They are all needed at home. Some weeks ago I had a depressed and very discouraged letter from one of my Clinic patients — sick of life, and upset over certain worries, and thinking he might as well give up his treatment. I have just heard from him again that the worries have cleared up, thanks to his improved condition, and he is greatly cheered and earning very good money.

Creil, March 17, 1918

I am in a hard position, for Miss Lowther urges me to stay — from the point of view that we are doing such real war work, and that my Clinic work can wait for the future and will go on after the war. It is trying for me, and I 'm torn in two! Of course I must go back — *I belong there,* and fewer people can do that work than can drive cars — there's no question in my mind. But I can't leave Miss Lowther too short-handed. We are told by X—— himself, one of the big pots who arrive occasionally in a staff car to see us, that we shall be sent to the front as soon as there is an offensive, and that until then there is more work for us here than there. We are certainly doing very useful work here.

I was sent to Paris this week with Miss Repton, who went to bring back the new six-cylinder Delaunay-Belleville which was given us. In case of puncture or anything it is better to have two on a new car. We were in Paris at the time of the big factory explosion, and never heard it! We were in the concrete-floored garage testing the Delaunay engine, which was making an unholy noise, so we did not know of it until a man told us — and then we joined the crowd in the street and watched the huge cloud of smoke slowly spreading.

Paris is really warlike at last as to food rations — no butter at all and very little milk, no food sold between 2

and 6 P.M., and no sugar. They serve liquid saccharine in little carafes — which does very well for coffee but is horrid in tea. All the tea-places are practically deserted, as no one cares for tea comme ça! We saw signs of the last raid, but I suppose I must not say where.

I am to be second driver with Miss Repton on the Delaunay for a fortnight, as I am one of the few who can swing her at present. Her engine has been done over, and is terribly stiff, but improving every day.

I sent you a fat letter from Paris on the 13th, enclosing a snapshot taken at Cugny, but I posted it in the British Military P.O., forgetting that they are stricter about photographs than the French. Your box has still not arrived, but I heard a rumor of it through some one who has been in Paris, so it will turn up some day.

Creil, March 20, 1918

It is hard to realize we have been here eight weeks, doing good and much-needed work, but monotonous! We have reason to know we are off to the front now very soon — and are feeling in consequence delightfully unsettled.

Our lieutenant, M. Chatenay, has received numerous compliments from the big officials at Creil on our work, which they say is "très-chic." I must say the Unit deserves it — we are regularity itself in the day and night service, and our cars never fail. In any emergency we are on the

AT WORK

spot at once, and when a certain number of cars are ordered suddenly, to evacuate some hospital, we are there waiting long before the patients are ready.

Creil, March 24, 1918

The offensive has begun. The news from the front is not, of course, unexpected, but that makes it no less distressing. I suppose you have realized that all the part where we were last winter is now in German hands again. I am fearfully depressed this afternoon about it all. You can imagine how cut to the heart I feel at the Huns occupying that country I know so well.

We had our first air-raid work last night. I was the night-driver on duty. The guns were just starting as I left here at 9, and I could hear the Boche engines directly overhead — it was a glorious clear moonlight night. Some bombs fell very near just as I got to the H.O.E and the noise was deafening. I had just stopped my engine, preparatory to beating it for cover, when shrapnel whizzed past my head and there was a tremendous crash close beside. It had broken the heavy ground-glass arch of one of the H.O.E. windows and the pavement was covered with broken pieces. Then an ambulance call came, and I tore off, taking one of the doctors along. There were soldiers wounded and killed. They filled my car with the worst cases, and meanwhile were sending to the château

for more ambulances. By the time I had taken my first load to the hospital and got back, every one of our cars was there — I could n't believe my eyes, it was so quick! A good many of the drivers had gone to bed and the cars' radiators had to be filled — and they were on the road about eight minutes after the order came! We took all the wounded and the dead — and then the others went home, leaving me and one other car on duty. Shortly after, more bombs fell and I got the new wounded, luckily only three cases — it was then about 1 A.M. A doctor went with me, and we had to drive about from house to house and street to street before we could find where the wounded were. We knew what the Huns were trying for, and that another bomb might land on us any minute. People were huddled in their doorways, and we kept calling out, "Où sont les blessés?" And they would direct us, often without knowing themselves. I did n't sleep at all, all night, knowing more calls might come in — walked about, and sat in my car. I can tell you the things I saw last night made me feel *murderous* — such suffering all for nothing. One of the men had lost both eyes. Another was terribly injured in the chest — they said he was dying, and when they took him out I think he was dead. The hospital people were splendid — very quick and gentle with them. I shall not soon forget the scene there — the moonlight pouring down on the courtyard of the hospital — a slow procession

of our cars creeping in, looking gray and ghostly in the moonlight — and in one corner a flood of light from the operating-room, where the doctors were already hard at work.

I have saved you a bit of the glass which nearly ended the life of your youngest!

Creil, Monday, March 25, 1918

This afternoon there was the funeral of the soldiers killed in the air raid, and mine was one of the four cars to carry the coffins. Being military, it was our job to do it, but I don't suppose it has ever been done by women before. We took them from the hospital to the church, waited there — and then on to the cemetery. It was very simple and impressive. A crowd of people, of course, and soldiers lined up presenting arms both at the hospital and church. We stood at attention by our cars as the bodies were carried in and out. We made two trips each, as there were fifteen dead.

Good news to-night — the line has been pushed back, and the German losses are tremendous. I wish I could tell you more details of the conditions here at the H.O.E. but dare not. Today from our park gates we saw long trains passing — full of refugees, even the roofs covered with them.

Creil, Saturday, March 30, 1918

The last week has been a nightmare of anxiety — we hardly dared to hope the line would be held, but, thank Heaven, it has been.

I can't write much about conditions here, but it might just as well be the first months of the war instead of now. It has been heartrending — no words can describe what the H.O.E. has been like — the wounded lying all over the floor in such quantities that no one knew where to begin. We are working at high pressure, and I don't think we shall be sent forward at present — as we are so much needed here. We have had four cars steadily on duty, and the rest have been out most of the time on special work. Three army ambulances with men drivers have just been attached to us.

I can only write a few words today, as I am trying to get a little sleep. Last night I was just going to bed when my car was called out, at 9.30 P.M., and I went off on a long trip, getting back about 4 this morning. I had some coffee and a short nap on my bed, and started off again on a two-hours run. The night before I had just got to bed when I was called out, and flung on some clothes over my pyjamas, getting home about 1. Miss Lowther tries not to give us many broken nights in succession, but often she can't avoid it. It is more than likely

A POILU'S FUNERAL NEAR THE FRONT

I'll have to go again tonight — so I am getting in a few hours of sleep while I can.

The news is better today, but for the last few days we have been very anxious. The roads have been full of refugees, the most pathetic people. Coming back along the Compiègne road the other day I picked up a lot of them and filled my car, mostly women and children, and such a mass of belongings! One of the men had a sort of truck-wheelbarrow affair he wanted to put in the car, too, but there was n't room, and I told him I was afraid he must leave it. He could n't bear to, because it belonged to the "Patron," who had entrusted it to him. Finally he slowly and sadly laid it under a tree, and when he came back there were tears in his eyes. I could n't bear that, so I managed that we could take it, and his joy knew no bounds.

One night I was just going off duty when I heard sobs in the big salle of the H.O.E., and discovered a poor old woman sitting up on a stretcher rocking back and forth, crying with pain in her bandaged hands. She had a distracted daughter and a little grandson, and others, with her. They were refugees from beyond Noyon and had been travelling on foot for two days, practically without food. The poor old thing had slept on damp straw and was in agonies of rheumatism. We got hold of the doctor, and got them food, and they were taken care of, at least for one night.

Creil, Easter Sunday,
March 31, 1918

An order came for a lot of cars for 3 A.M this morning, and I nearly had to go, but Miss Lowther managed so that I did n't. I slept all night like a log and was dead to the world — and am myself again this morning.

I could n't go to mass this Easter morning, as I must not be out of reach in case my car is wanted suddenly. There must be a number of the big cars always available during these rush days.

I was dreadfully upset a day or two ago, over two injured civilians. They arrived on a train, and were carried out and put in one of our cars — the man's chest blown to pieces — dying — and the woman legless, hit by an obus, also dying, from shock and lack of care. Twenty minutes later I saw the car return and the driver, Miss P——, dash out and into the H.O.E. To my horror I found that those two wretched people were still in the car — they had been refused at the hospital, because of being civilians. I got the woman some water and she drank it — the man was beyond speech. Meanwhile Miss P—— had secured a letter from the médecin chef, and took them back to the hospital. They were taken in, but it was just about too late — their faces haunted me all that day. On the whole, the organization is fairly good, I think, though at times bad. It is very trying to take a load of dead soldiers to a hospital

and be told they have nowhere to put them, the mortuary being full — and after a long wait to see the bodies laid in a dreadful little wash-house.

A lot of the people have left this town and many of the shops are shut. They've had the Germans here once, and their nerve is gone. Miss Hackett was just opening the Canteen — ten days ago — at Montdidier — and now we don't know where she will have it.

I saw yesterday a crowd of young boys going off — a precaution lest they fall into Hun hands. And even the older men, over age — our concierge among them — have been sent farther back. He was just called up as if for service, and we did n't hear the real reason till later. None of the remaining people sleep at home now — they all walk some distance to spend the nights in caves.

That big gun which bombards Paris is the limit — it fires almost directly over our heads, they say, but of course we know nothing of it.

Two days ago I had a long talk just near here with an English officer. We simultaneously spoke to ask each other for news! His men were resting in a village square, and I was keen to know where they had come from and where they were going. Curiously he had been at Cugny until the retreat began a week ago, and knew all that country well. (You know the British took it over just before we left there.) I wish I could tell you all the interesting things

he told me. But he knew less than I did, for Miss Lowther had motored up to the front the day before, with a doctor, to rescue some important papers from falling into German hands — and brought us the latest news on her return. He did n't even know *why* they were going to Amiens, and I told him why, and to hurry up!

Creil, April 1, 1918

I was sent out with four others last night at 10, to unload a barge of wounded on the river, and got back about 1.30 this morning. One of my men had been a prisoner in German hands all the day before and escaped. And I had several wounded Boches to carry. It was all done in the pitch dark by shaded lanterns — most picturesque.

H.O.E. No. 16, *Creil, April* 5, 1918

A lot of letters have come, all most welcome and interesting — and I think I am a bit homesick today! I am off duty for the day as I have a slight return of the "campitis" — nothing at all really. I think it was only because I got pretty tired with so little sleep, and this place is so low and unhealthy that it is a wonder we are n't all ill all the time! I am not sorry this came as an excuse for a real rest. I stayed in bed all the morning, and feel

much better this afternoon. Mrs. Talbot cooked me eggs most deliciously — she is always so good — and I told her once how grateful my mother would be when she knew!

I forget if I wrote you what a long time I went without a decent night's sleep, during the rush. I was called out each night just as I was thinking, "Now, I really shall get to bed tonight!" I told you of the barge of wounded we unloaded on the river. The next night was deadly — a train due at 11 and we waited all night until it came in at 7 the next morning! I had only one real night in bed, in five — and day work as well — and towards the end I got positively dithered. I nearly dropped off to sleep driving one early morning — it's a horrid sort of dazed feeling, that one may fall asleep any minute. The road seems to undulate in front of you. I was so dead, I slept through one of the noisiest and nearest air raids we've had — there were no casualties, so we were not called out.

You ask about nurses here — this is not a hospital with beds, but a Salle de Triage, where the patients come in from the front and are sorted out and sent on to different hospitals, or to Paris or the interior. Here there are only men "infirmiers" — to carry the stretchers, etc. — and Red Cross ladies to feed them — no beds. Very few dressings are done here. It is a part of the railway station, and a dreary place.

There came in an order for a lot of cars for this evening,

and mine, being big, was needed. So Miss G——, the only other driver who knows the G.M.C., had to take her. I had gone to bed and was asleep already when there was a knock, and some one came for the keys of my tool box. I then fell asleep again, and in about half an hour another knock, and poor Miss G—— put her head in, most awfully sorry, but she could n't start the car — and could I come. So I put on boots, and a coat over my pyjamas, and went down. It is funny how cars are almost human — they seem to know their own drivers and she started like a lamb for me! She is considered very hard to start, but I know her so well now, and all her ways, that even when it's very cold I have little trouble. She is going too beautifully now.

We have an orderly who is a delightful character. He comes from Marseilles — and talks a French that it took some time to understand — and his name is Mi! His job is to give out our essence, oil, and grease, etc., and to fill the radiators with water. He has learned to crank some of the easy cars, and puffs with pride when they start. He sleeps at a farm near by, and whenever there is a raid he arrives at once, panting, no matter what hour of the night, to fill the radiators in case we are called out.

A few days ago we were sent for to go to the Bureau one by one, to receive and sign for our pay. For two months' service in the French army we received the princely sum

of 8 fr. 75 c. each! Rather fun, is n't it? Miss Lowther's pay, as 2d lieutenant, is 3 francs 50 a day!

Creil, April 18, 1918

Just a short line, as I shall be on duty in a few minutes. I slept late this morning and Mrs. T—— like an angel brought me breakfast, for I was really rather tired. I was on steadily for twenty-four hours up to last evening — on all day yesterday and all the night before — and before that I had been on practically all day for two or three days running. We are constantly unloading trains and barges on the river which come in at short notice. Several of our big cars are out of order, and three of the Fords too, so that all of the work just now falls on a few.

Creil, April 20, 1918

(On duty.) I can't write properly on the front of my car, it is so cold, and we have nowhere to sit under cover. My hand gets stiff. The ground was white with frost this morning. I have just heard that there will be another péniche (barge) to unload on the river this afternoon, which means that I 'll be on all day, having come on at 8 A.M. I have had two such bad cases — one a man with an amputated arm, who screamed at every movement of the car, though I crawled — most nerve-racking, as the road was very bad. And a dying man — the doctors told

me he had a bullet in his head, and could n't live more than a few hours anyhow, and they put him in my car because she has the smoothest springs. It is a dreadful feeling, that a man may be dying in your car at any minute.

I have just been seeing eighteen stalwart British Tommies into the train for Paris — and my hand aches from their good-bye shakes! They were gassed at Noyon three weeks ago and got away from the hospital in pyjamas and blankets when the Germans came in. They have been sent on here from a Vichy hospital, all very seedy, and Miss S——, who was on night duty, collected them and passed them over to us when we came on this morning at 8, to prevent their being sent to French hospitals! I put them in the back of my car till we caught the R.T.O. just as he was off to Paris, and got it arranged that they should go to an English hospital there — and they have taken their train greatly cheered. I gave them money to get some food, etc.

The pulse of Creil centres in this station-yard. It is interesting to watch the military and civil life as we sit in our cars — troops of all kinds coming and going — the French in their blue, Africans with their red fezes, British and Americans in khaki, huge camions, staff cars tearing in, farm carts coming and going — and every evening the women crowding around a milk cart with their jugs.

There is a little fox terrier called Fifi, who is a friend of

ours. She should be black and white, but was so utterly filthy she appeared black all over — and one could only love her and feed her at a distance. One day she appeared spotlessly white, and we only knew her by her lovely brown eyes. The Americans in the Transport department, who have an office here, had taken pity on her, and an officer has ordered one of the sergeants whenever he takes a bath to bathe Fifi, as well!

My car has a tendency to kick — and yesterday to my horror she nearly broke the arm of my new second driver, Mrs. H——, wife of General H——, who has just come out from England. It was her first day, and I was showing her about the car. It wasn't anybody's fault — I had talked of nothing but the kicking, and how careful one must be — and the spark was well retarded. Her arm is n't broken but I was afraid at first it was, or even worse, the ligaments torn — she could n't move it for half an hour.

When I went home the other day I found four or five sausages [1] browsing in the park, looking like huge elephants. They live there now, and it is very interesting to see them go up every night.

There was a persistent rumor in Compiègne, which kept reaching us, that Miss Hackett and two of the canteeners (who are now near Montdidier) had been taken prisoners by the Boches. We were feeling very anxious until we

[1] Observation balloons.

learned it was not true. They had a fairly narrow escape — and some of their belongings fell into Hun hands.

Creil, May 6, 1918

I told you of the arrival of the sausages — they are all about here now, in a circle, and we have n't had an air raid since, though frequent "alertes." Whenever there is an alerte at night, no lights are allowed on any cars — not even tiny oil lamps — and it is terribly trying (not to say dangerous!) driving in absolute blackness. We can't see the road, nor other cars or camions, coming or going.

I have been awfully busy — steadily — and feel as if I had forgotten how to hold a pen! Was on night duty again last night, with only four hours' sleep on a stretcher, as there was plenty of work to do. As soon as I got home this morning and had had breakfast, I was sent off again for a run of about fifty kilomètres. I ought to have got back at noon, with my ten wounded, but had two punctures. I had with me the papers for my ten, and also for about forty other wounded as well (without which none of them could take the train sanitaire to which we were carrying them), so I got the officer at the Parc to telephone the H.O.E. for two cars to come for men and papers. It was lucky I did, for I did n't get back until 4 — decidedly hungry and tired! I had to get a new tire and inner tube — and when I started to help the mechanic, he said that

Mademoiselle must not "salir ses mains." I showed him my hands — black from wrestling with punctures already, and answered, "C'est la guerre."

I have n't yet had the "day off" which was promised me four days ago. Every day it is "tomorrow." And tonight I felt it *must* be tomorrow, I was so tired. But an order has just come for a lot of cars at 6.30 A.M. — and I must go. You know how I hate getting up early, and when one has had a short allowance of sleep for nights, it's simply unspeakable! My car, as I think I wrote, has been kicking badly. My second driver, Mrs. H——, was with her arm in a sling for ten days. Another of our very hefty drivers who can swing anything, got a bad wrist from her, but I who know her so well got off with a few nasty jars. It is getting beyond a joke, however, and Miss Lowther said the engine must come down and be decarbonized, as it's not possible here to get it done with oxygen.

Creil, May 8, 1918

The news is so much better, thank God. The Germans are held, and today even pushed a little. We are supposed to be going to the front very soon now, but it will be a quiet sector and there will probably be far less work than we are getting here. I may have to leave before we move, for I must get back to London — the Clinic only *lent* me to the Hackett-Lowther Unit, after all!

Very trying muggy weather lately — and much rain. And yesterday when we came down early for breakfast before starting off, we found the kitchen floor under water, and the cook sitting with her skirts tucked up and a face of resignation, her feet on a block of wood! It was really a funny picture. This is a flat, unhealthy place, and the river level appears to be higher than the basement. Have I told you how good our food is? The nearer the front you are, the more you can get — and we have all sorts of little extras not to be had in Paris now. Beef is the only meat allowed us by the army, but Mrs. Talbot is a wonderful manager and we don't realize that we have been more than three months now on nothing but beef — she has taught the cook so many delicious ways of varying it. Our cook is at present a local woman given us by the army — at the front we are to have a man.

Such a horrid time I have had — I put my back out yesterday and was in bed the rest of the day. I got up early, as five of us had to evacuate a hospital before 10 A.M. On the way I stopped to crank one of our cars which had stalled on a hill — and though I felt nothing at the time, an hour later I could hardly stand. When I got home Mrs. Talbot sent me to bed, and they found my temperature and pulse quite high. I was in a misery, feeling so awful! Miss Lowther wanted to send for a very big surgeon she knows, who is now at Compiègne, but I felt sure that I had prob-

ably only slipped a vertebra — so was n't worried. Of course I feel wobbly today, and I shall have to be careful for a bit.

May 12, 1918

We are off at last — three cheers! Our orders have come, and we are leaving here on Wednesday the 15th, and going to the front within a few days. We have to go first to the Headquarters of the special army we are to be attached to, and change our personnel — get new mechanics, two new men cooks, new non-commissioned officers, and so on. Our lieutenant, of course, stays with us.

You can imagine our excitement and joy. Some of the drivers had given up hope, and were grizzling, and saying we should never go — but I felt sure we should.

After this I shan't be able to say where I am. I am not sure how much work I'll be able to do, on account of my back. Am hardly able to drive as yet, and am worried as to how soon I shall be. A specialist, very clever, happens to be here, and our lieutenant brought him to see me. Under no circumstances may I crank for a while, nor lift any weight. Lucky thing my car is all right to swing now! Before she was taken down and decarbonized nobody could start her except the men mechanics and me. That was why I got no rest ever, because no one else could take her out.

We have up to now been attached to the French army — now we are attached to *an army*, and it's that which

makes all the difference and gets us to the front — for we go wherever that army goes — front when it goes into the trenches, and "en repos" with it when it comes out. I long to tell you which Armée we are to be attached to, for it has just made an everlasting name for itself — but I may not — and in America you would n't know it by its name, or number rather.

Foch is a wonder. One seldom hears of P—— now. The French believe in retiring a man when he is tired (P—— and J—— were just "fatigués") — and it is so sensible, and not in the least a disgrace. The English don't do it — and should. Their General G—— was *tired* and what was the result —! The English have done such magnificent work in this last offensive. I wish I could write all I hear.

Somewhere [1] — *at the Front*
May 16, 1918

Here we are — at the very front — and I wish I might say where. We left our château yesterday, an imposing convoy of pale-gray ambulances with big red crosses — and got here in the afternoon. The H.O.E. was terribly sorry to lose us — all the big-wigs of the place came out in relays of staff cars to say good-bye, and there was much bowing and scraping and handshaking, and flashing of gold braid in the sun. The owner of the château and his

[1] Compiègne. (*Editor's Note.*)

wife were there, and she presented us each with a lovely little boutonnière of lilies of the valley. The Dames de la Croix Rouge, in whose room at the Triage we had sat or slept when on night duty, sent a huge basket of flowers.

We were hurried and hot and weary, from packing our luggage into the cars, and got no lunch, just some dry bread and chocolate, and a little wine from an inn. So we were starving for supper. When we arrived we had to wait in the hot sun for about two hours, lined up along a blazing pavé road — while the lieutenant and Miss Lowther went ahead in the staff car to find billets. We are in a big house which has a garden with two entrances — necessary on account of the cars, for we don't like to leave them out in a road if it can be avoided. There was quite a choice of houses, as everything is empty. This one is comfortable and the garden is nice, though small after our park. There is an abri (dug-out) under the lawn, with sandbags at each entrance — and every inch of remaining space is filled up by our cars.

We rejoiced at the sight of a hose for the cars, after three months with a rickety pump, and that there was running water in the house — but in the middle of our self-congratulations, and before we had had time to even wash our hands, a near-by shell broke the water main, and lo, not a drop more water was to be had! We hear, however, that tomorrow it will be mended, and then there will be a

stampede for the bathroom. There actually is a bath! The owners evacuated at short notice a month or so ago, taking everything — and since then soldiers have been here. I wish you could see the dirt — the floors were so black that no words can describe it. I have swept my floor at least four times — and get out almost as much dirt now as the first time. The whizz and jar of a big shell woke me this morning about 8.30, and I found I was missing a strenuous bombardment. At the fifth sweeping this morning I found a piece of shrapnel in the corner of my room, which certainly was not there last evening — and I am wondering if it came in through the window during the night! I can't say it did n't, as I slept soundly through much.

Our supper was very sketchy last evening, as the stove smoked — and at breakfast this morning I was longing for a second bowl of coffee, and we could only have one apiece. Milk is very scarce and many things are not to be had at all. In fact, the saying that the nearer you are to the front, the more you can get, seems not to hold good here. It probably applies to the halfway places like Creil.

Somewhere [1] —— ——

May 19, 1918

We get frequent shelling here — and last night several houses were demolished close by. There is a bed

[1] Compiègne. (*Editor's Note.*)

from one house, hanging on a gate-post, flung out by the explosion, and the bedding is still on a laburnum bush!

It has been terribly hot today. Miss Lowther made a little speech at supper last night — to tell us what our new work is to be. There are three degrees of front work, and we were afraid that being women, we should only get the third kind (which is from here back) — instead of which we are to have the first two degrees. You can imagine how glad I am that all this has come before I have to leave. It is very thrilling and a tremendous compliment — for they are giving it to us at once because the reports of the work of the Unit were so excellent. Miss Lowther told us that it was entirely owing to ourselves that we had got what we wanted — and thanked us for our good work. We have numerous new rules to adapt ourselves to. One, you will be amused to hear, is that we *must* salute all officers of the army, and are to be drilled how to do it properly! The order came yesterday. On the street it is all right to avoid seeing them as much as possible, but if we meet their eyes we must salute, and the higher their rank, the less can we avoid seeing them! We are not allowed to go on duty (which will be twenty-four hours on and twenty-four hours off) without our tin hats. We are to have gas-mask drill until we can put them on in I forget just how few seconds.

Last night at supper a soldier appeared suddenly at the window of the front hall where we have our meals — and

handed in an official-looking letter through the broken pane of glass. It was for the lieutenant, and we were all surprised when he showed great amusement on reading it. What do you suppose it was — an order from Headquarters to leave off winter flannels! "Les tricots et caleçons de flanellette" to be "retirés" by the 25th of May — and these effects to be sent in camionettes to a certain dépôt on that date. You can imagine how we laughed.

May 24, 1918

The work here is nothing much as yet — this front is very quiet just now — and we are to be started in gradually, going forward, but not yet up to the Postes de Secours. At present we are en repos, not working at all.

The postes de secours are close behind the trenches — they are just dug-outs underground where the wounded have their first dressing, and are kept till dark.

We have heard all details of the terrific raid at Creil, on the night of the very day we left. They say that the Boche observer overhead did not see we were gone. Four bombs fell just around our château and one landed right on the concierge's house, knocking the roof completely in, and cracking the plaster on the château walls. One of our former mechanics was wounded, and we were truly sorry to hear that the little sergeant at the H.O.E., who had charge of loading the wounded into our cars, was killed.

He was standing, sheltered, in the doorway from which we have watched many a raid. It is a great loss — I have never known any one so kind and fatherly to the wounded.

The heat has been frightful for three days — but the air here is far better than at Creil, where we were so low. We have had numerous exciting raids. The invaders often get turned back from Paris over our very heads, while we sit shivering in a cold cellar. We hate going down, and some refused, until Miss Lowther read the riot act, and said it was a military order and we had no choice. We got bombs *very* near last night. We have camouflaged the cars under the trees with considerable difficulty, as the garden is small. I would much rather be the thing the Boches are trying for than be just near it. They are afraid to fly low enough, and generally just miss what they are aiming at!

Our gas-mask drill was rather trying in the heat — but we were so proficient in putting them on quickly that we had to have only one drill. The new kind are supposed to be much better than any other — and have long snouts. I would give anything for a photograph of us lined up, like a row of hogs with human bodies!

I wish I could tell you about a thrilling trip right up to the very front lines in a staff car, to a "première poste de secours" in one of the most interesting parts of the line. You can't imagine what it is to pass right through big French guns — and never get so much as a glimpse of

one, they are so well hidden. There are a lot of old German trenches and wire entanglement all about — it is country that was fought on steadily for over two years — shell holes everywhere, and a stretch of open road which is forbidden for cars by daylight, as it is in sight of the Germans. They were across a little valley, hidden in woods. Everything is quiet just now, and we were not fired on. Very few women have yet been so close to that part of the lines, and the soldiers stared at me open-mouthed.

I am not yet allowed to swing a car, which is a desperate bore. I have been waiting, and hoping my wretched back would improve. But it has n't — I can't do any walking to speak of — and could n't manage even being orderly for the day — so I have had to resign — given in my démission — and am leaving tomorrow, at the end of my six months. It is awfully hard to go, for in a few days now they are starting the poste de secours work — and I *hate* to leave before the coming offensive.

Two of the others are also resigning from the Unit, as their time is up too.

Paris, Sunday, May 26

Bread tickets are given out in Paris stations to all soldiers and people in uniform arriving on leave — little strips of paper with "Militaires en permission — 100

grammes du pain" printed on them. They asked how long — and gave me strips for three days.

I talked with two engineers, who told me how Bertha was destroyed — how she had to show her thirty-mètre nose when she fired — and how the airmen told the artillery by wireless just when to fire — and they got her. All three they got — so no more shells on Paris. I have to go tomorrow to be demilitarized. I shall receive my military ticket to Havre — and after that am just a mere civilian again!

It was quite a wrench to leave the Hackett-Lowther Unit. Driving my car for the last time wrung my heart. Miss Lowther would like me to come back my next holiday — a year from this summer.

The new big offensive is beginning — and I seem to have a vision [1] of the Unit advancing to good work and Glory — without me!

Much love —

MARY.

[1] This prophecy was fulfilled some weeks later, Miss Lowther and her Unit being decorated with the Croix de Guerre, by Colonel Meyer of the Service de Santé. The ambulances were lined up in a semicircle behind their drivers, at a château not far from Compiègne, and an aeroplane described evolutions overhead as the ceremony was carried out in the presence of officers of the French army and stretcher-bearers. (*Editor's Note.*)

EPILOGUE

London, May 30, 1918

DEAREST MOTHER:—

Here I am — back again. I took the 7.30 A.M. train from Paris on Tuesday, and joined two of our ex-drivers at Havre. One of them has been ill — she strained her heart very badly, and has been at the American Hospital at Neuilly. We went out to Harfleur in the afternoon, and had tea with Captain X——, a sporting friend of theirs who is in command of the Remount Camp there. He and another officer showed us all the horses, and we saw some having a sulphur dip — it was most interesting. We had a wonderfully good tea outdoors by the quaint old farmhouse of stone, where they are billeted. All their cooking is done by the much-talked-of and unjustly maligned Waacs.

The London specialist found my vertebra still out, half an inch or so. He put it back and I am all right now — but he says I must take a rest this summer. So I can't go back to France.

Another new Bertha started firing again while I was in Paris. Shells landed fairly near where I was — but by the time they've travelled so far they are well spent, and seem nothing in comparison to the shelling at the front.

When I reached London I went almost directly to the Clinic. Things move slowly, but No. 33 is to be opened in July, or early August, for shell-shock. Our friend in the Ministry, Mr. B——, went out of office, and that has caused delays. I hope there won't be all these difficulties for war-shock in America when I go home to work — after I finish the course here and get my certificate.

I was just in time for the Seminar that evening, where one of the analysts read a report on the case of my former patient who could not walk. There were four doctor guests. No. 33 is nearly ready — doors are being opened through into No. 34. We hope that before very long we may be occupying the whole block of houses. I found the Common Room buzzing with new young students, and am keen to start work again.

When they have gotten it all well under way in London, and I've had more experience, I should love to go and work under our doctors "out there" — for my own American boys as well. That would be a realization of what I am beginning to dream of — war-shock work in France!

Best love —

MARY.

THE END

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